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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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SIR JULIAN AND LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

(See page 387.)

THE

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Visitors to the Sanctum.

"The spring doth make poets of us all."

Art in Ontario.

The exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists may be, I suppose, fairly typical of art in our province. It seems absurd, however, to talk about art as bounded by certain geographical lines or restricted to certain spaces. That art here should be different from art in Quebec, or across the border, is supposing art to be a veritable Hydra, with a head here, a head there, and body—who shall decide where? For every class of enthusiasts, every school of art will place its body in a different place, according as their fancy draws its inspiration.

Art is cosmopolitan, and to speak of its localization is to use a confusion of terms. But one cannot well speak of Canadian cheese, for instance, as distinctively Canadian, unless there is that in its flavor and availability which gives it an individuality. So with art. Whether we, here in Ontario, are old enough to have a flavor in art I cannot say. I only feel that it is not here.

The exhibition was heterogeneous in subjects, conception, style, treatment and technique. There is obviously no connecting link except that the exhibition is called that of the "Ontario Society of Artists." There is no predominating influence. No master-spirit has impressed his great individuality upon his fellow-workers. The inspiration, object and feeling of all seem to be different. Hence we cannot speak of these men as embodying art in Ontario. So far as that is concerned, we have none. We have artists, but no art. And until these men have so stamped their individuality upon the life of the people that as the artist reflects every aspect of our living, with its complexities and issues, so shall the people in turn see in him more than a painter of pictures, but a man who has revealed them to themselves. Whether it is that we ourselves are not sufficiently typical, I do not know. Certainly there does not seem to be enough rugged patriotism to induce anything distinctive in art, music or literature. Climatic conditions do not, in our case, affect our national characteristics as might be expected. And the attitude that men of art and letters take toward the political and social condition of this country is not conducive to a healthy welded life of art and people. That painting in Canada, as well as the sister arts, shall be typical, strong and emotional it is essential that the artist, be he poet or painter, be so much the very life of the people that no part of that life shall be to them sordid or uninteresting. I am speaking now solely for the sake of art, although I deeply regret that so many of our best men keep aloof from the sphere of politics. That the government of a country represent the best of that country it is vital not only that the ablest and most honest of our citizens come forward, but that the artists, the poets—those who idealize, form an integral part of that government. They alone can so purify and ennoble what is filthy and sordid that the state shall be the better for their having lived.

One would expect, since there is no master-workman, no school of art, no burning devotion to one object, that such an exhibition as that of the Ontario Society of Artists would be intensely interesting as an exhibition of characteristic work, that each artist thus representing an individuality distinct and separate would show us the very best and truest of himself. I trust this is not so. Each must surely be capable of better things. There is here nothing strong enough to hold one fascinated as can even the poorest print of one of the Old World masterpieees. One wanders from picture to picture, admiring perhaps, disliking possibly, seeing evidence of plenty of talent, skilful work, clever coloring, and yet come away unsatisfied. There is nothing that appeals strongly to the feelings, which takes hold of you and keeps you there in spite of yourself. I am aware that this is crude criticism, but it seems to me that painting, of all things, has failed in its very reason of being if it does not arouse emotion.

Nor can I see the object of exhibiting ugly pictures, no matter how faithful the work may be. Surely art, if anything, ought to be beautiful. When there is a choice ought not the beautiful, whether of soul or body, be chosen? We do not walk ten miles to see an ugly man, nor follow plain girls around the streets to get another look at their faces. Then why immortalize anything but beauty? It takes beauty to lift us above ourselves. We crave for it. If one can find beauty and strength contained in one picture, there is joy.

Reminiscences.

Whether reminiscences are not almost entirely sad is debatable. Undoubtedly there is so much that is sad, that the bringing back of past events nearly always awakens emotions of a melancholy nature. "The tender sadness," as a poet has it, "that is half joy half sorrow and altogether melting." One attends a convocation, but two years after one has graduated and finds oneself forgotten. Here and there is a familiar face, occasionally a kindly smile, more frequently welcome recognition from another graduate as forlorn as oneself. At commencement exercises do you think we—that other graduate and myself—looked on the platform and see others kneel at the Chancellor's feet. Not a bit of it. We saw ourselves there. I knew by his face, as he by mine, that each of us had gone back two years, and once more trembled and shook during the few minutes ordeal. The day we had looked forward to for four years was once more before us. I remember every detail, the exceeding shakiness as to knees, the deep regret that I had to wear an ugly black college gown and hide the glory of a new spring costume, the flowers people kindly sent, the congratulations, the crazy things I said in the excitement of the moment, the sadness of leave taktakings and the blank feeling that the world had some way come to an end. I suppose every graduate feels the same. There seems nothing more to happen in life. Everything is over.

One has struggled and been happy, idled and been remorseful, read hard and idled again, finally crammed for examination. A long four years have been taken out of one's life. Much has been sacrificed, much gained. Home, for most of us, given up, friends neglected, everything put to one side while the great plan of education went on. For four years one stood, expectant, being constantly fed intellectually. We, ourselves, were the important facors of this period. Everything was being done for *us*. Our minds were being, at the same time, house-cleaned and filled up again. We grew to regard ourselves as beings of infinite importance. Self-improvement, self-education, self-culture, self-care—this was our college life. It revolved around ourselves. Ever through the whole course on successive convocations and commencements, we saw the day before us when we too should stand on the dais, the observed of all observers, when the crown of glory—the degree—should be ours. This was our Mecca. Thither we journeyed, toiling, now led aside by gay Pleasure, now elbowed back into the road by stern Duty. At last we reached the Promised Land. The four years of work and waiting to an end, and—this was the end of it all. 'Tis?—This brief space on a crowded platform, half-frightened to death, not hearing a word that went on, the whole thing over before it was begun, the mothers and sisters and fathers who have journeyed hundreds of miles for this day, not even able to catch even a glimpse of us!—this?

A sense of utter disappointment comes over us. It was not worth it at all. For the time being, the receiving of the degree ceases to be a mere symbol, a certificate of work done, but means the prize we have been running for. It is the olive wreath and not many days afterwards do we realize that the possession of a degree does not end with commencement day.

It is with a keen sense of having struggled for something not worth having that we spend the last few days in the University. Behind us seems childhood and playhood, before us a grim life, with its mysterious and dreaded possibilities. What may the future hold for us? A false step now, a wrong choice and one's career may be hopelessly spoiled. Then is the time when one's relatives and friends know the very best thing for one. And hence many tragedies occur. John wakes up a year later to find that he has entered a profession for which he is more than unfitted. If a girl or boy has a decided leaning in any one direction, no parents have any right to force them in another. On the whole the day one graduates is not a cheerful day. It is not cheerful at the time and it is not cheerful to look back upon. We know, alas! how the rosy dreams have faded. We left the University; behind us the school room, before us the world. There was a name and fame to win, a career to shape, money to earn for those who had stinted that we might have this chance, comforts to bestow, and a whole world's wrong to put right. In the glow of young enthusiasm this did not seem too much to attempt. We felt ourselves strong, growing eager; filled with noble ambitions.

Then as time went on, and one illusion after another faded, as one felt the hopelessness of the struggle against ignorance and evil, as disappointments accried, as the judgment of the world rolled on crushing our very life, taking youth and freshness and faith and hope as useless sacrifices.—there is not much left of the joyous anticipation of a graduation day. There is now a more or less contented stagnation where there was formerly

"A thousand restless hopes and fears
Forth stretching to the coming years."

Madge Robertson

Afternoon Tea.

For afternoon tea you need: Two small tables, fringed or embroidered tea cloths, doilies, an urn for bouillon, bouillon cups, spoons, a tea-kettle, tea pots, tea caddy, sugar bowls, cream jugs, sugar tongs, teacups and saucers, teaspoons, a pitcher for iced water, tumblers, plates for finger rolls, plates for small cakes, bonbon dishes.

The afternoon tea, which may properly be placed under the head of receptions, is not here considered. To serve it requires more than one person.

The simple afternoon tea of a lady who is at home informally to her friends should be arranged by the waitress. She should have command of this situation, as well as of all others in her department. Bouillon should be *hot*, a cup of tea should be hot and *fresh*. Finger rolls should be spread in such a manner that bits of butter will not come in contact with gloves. A tumbler must be only three-fourths full of water.

Place a small table—round if possible—where it will be most convenient for the hostess. Lay on it a daintily embroidered tea cloth, two or three choice cups and saucers, with spoons, a small sugar bowl with sugar tongs, a small cream jug, a dish of bonbons and, at the last moment, a small teapot of freshly made tea.

In a corner of the room, or at one side in the background, lay another table with a teacloth, and place upon it an urn of bouillon, bouillion cups, doilies, teacups and saucers, spoons, a kettle of boiling water, a pitcher of iced water, tumblers, plates of finger rolls and small cakes, a dish of bonbons, a sugar bowl, a cream jug and a tea caddy. On this table have also a teapot heating for the next brewing of tea. Twenty minutes, or even more, may elapse between the serving of the first cups of tea and those which follow. Tea to be enjoyable must be freshly brewed.

When the hostess has received a guest or guests, offer bouillon from a tray which holds also a small plate of finger rolls and one or two doilies. If tea, which the hostess offers, is preferred, offer cakes with it.

Observe when a guest has finished a cup of bouillon or a cup of tea, and, without the least appearance of haste, remove it on your tray. Be sure that the hostess has always some fresh cups ready to serve, and replenish the sugar bowl and cream jug when necessary.

If tea and cake only are served, you will still need a table for the hot water kettle, pitcher of iced water, tumblers, and whatever is necessary to replenish the teatable of the hostess.

If Russian tea be served, select a fair fresh lemon and slice it evenly. Place a small dish which holds three or four slices of lemon on the tea table and have another in Reserve from which to replenish.

Mother's Boy.

Mothers, it will not hurt your boys to learn to do many things pertaining to the domestic machinery of your home. They may be taught as easily as girls, and would be delighted to feel that their help was really needed and appreciated. Do not say "What can a boy do?" for a boy can do any kind of house-work which a girl can, yes, he can learn to use a needle and thread just as easily. Do you not remember the trials you had in learning to sew, especially to use the thimble? Why not teach boys to sew on buttons, and mend torn garmets as well as their sisters?

I know a mother who has taught her boy to take off the bedclothes from his bed every morning, turn the mattresses, open the windows, etc., and at a stated time to go back, make up the bed and put the room in order. This he does daily, and the servent is not allowed to assist him.

Another boy always swept and dusted the sitting and dining-rooms, and whenever the mother or sister were hurried, washed the dishes, laid the table, etc. That same boy now has a home of his own, and his wife, not over strong, never has the care of the sweeping, no hard work is ever left for her, but his trained eye sees all the little places where he may assist, and in his quiet way he is helping to bear his share of the burdens which most men think belong to the woman. Is he any the less a manly man, think you?

If the boys are taught neatness and order in their homes as well as personal neatness, their whole lives will be a benediction upon the mother who thus early gave them training. The future happi of our girls who are to become wives of these boys depends largely upon the early habits and instruction which mothers are now giving the boys.

A boy who is careful to not bring in dirt on his boots, who puts papers and books where they belong, who always hangs up his hat, and who is looking out for places where he can help his mother, will make a better husband than the one who thinks his mother was made purposely to wait upon him.

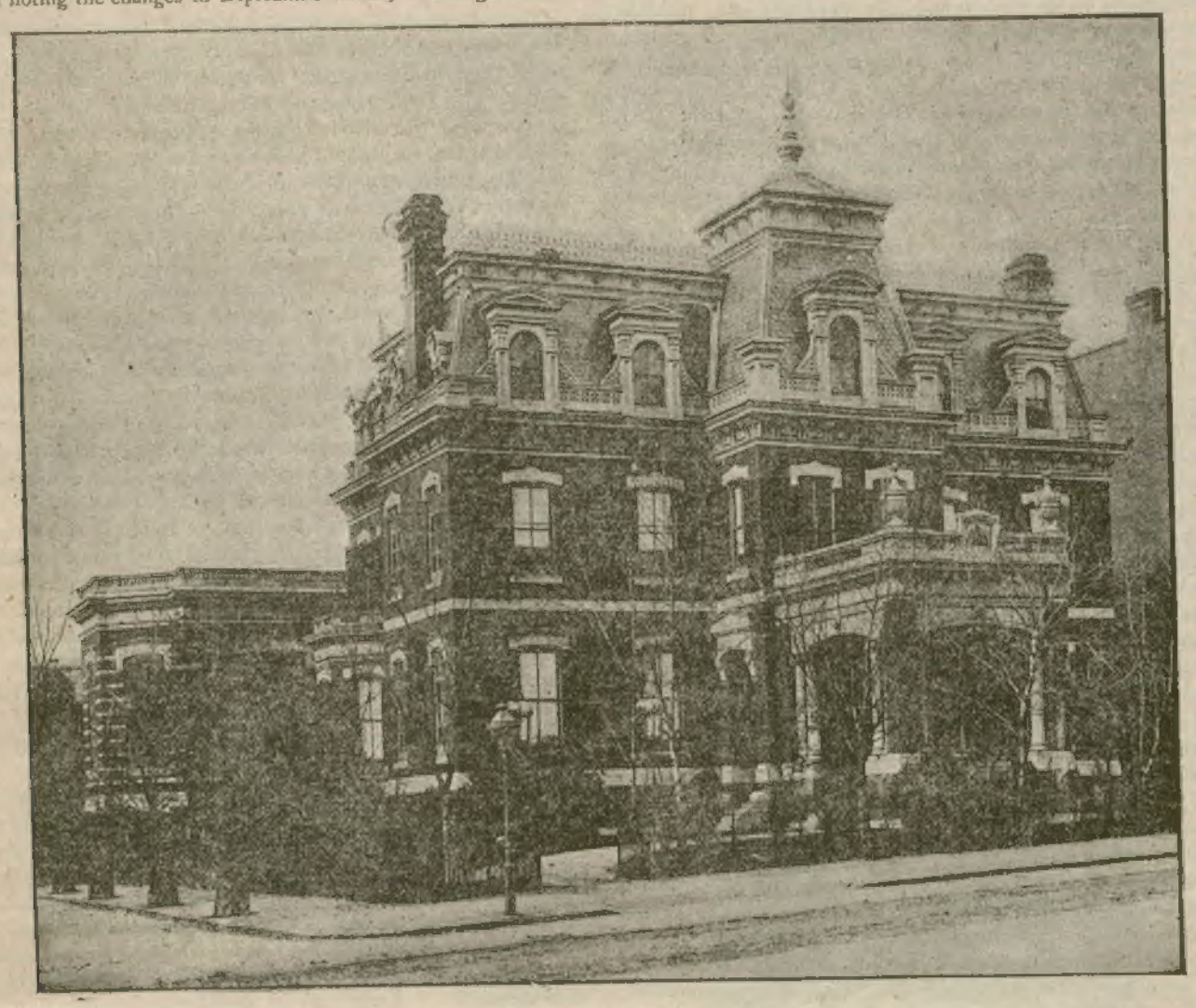
Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The British Legation.

Sir Julian Pauncefote and Lady Pauncefote's Life at the United States Capital.

BY MRS. M. D. LINCOLN.
(*Bessie Beech*)

During a residence of more than twenty years in Washington, nd noting the changes in Diplomatic circles, no foreign minister has, for my observation been more popular than Sir Julian Pauncefote, Minister from Great Britain.



BRITISH LEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

Possessed of the most genial and gracious personality, Sir Julian wins admiration in all circles. His extensive acquaintance with foreign powers, travel and contact with court life in many countries, ,ives him ease and dignity, as well as a ready appreciation of every phase of our life at the capital of the United States.

His numberless titles and honors have not hedged him about with the exclusiveness some court representatives seem to enjoy.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, G.C.M.G., C.B., was born in 1828, partly educated on the Continent, and seemed destined originally for the Indian Army. He had received a cadetship in the Madris Light Infantry, when, for family reasons he gave up his appointment, entered at the Inner Temple, was "called in 1852, and joined the Oxford Circuit. For a time he filled the office of private Secretary in the Colonial Office to the late Sir William Molesworth, Bart., Secretary of State for the Colonies. On the death of the Colonial Minister he returned to the bar. In 1862 he was induced to proceed to Hong Kong where he had an extensive practice, and in 1865 he became Attorney General.

His works, especially the code of "Civil Procedure," is one of the most complete and valuable ever published. In 1872 he was appointed, and accepted the Chief Justiceship of the Leeward Island.

In 1874 on his return to England the dignity of Knighthood was conferred on him; and by a vacancy in the Colonial office, he was appointed by the Earl of Catnarvon as Legal Assister Under Secretary of State, and finally promoted to the Foreign Office by Lord Derby, who was Secretary of State for Forelgn Affairs.

He was selected by Earl Granville to represent England as first delegate on the Suez Canal International Commission, and in recognition of his valuable service to the Queen, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Salisbury, conferred the distinction of Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; and later he was created K.C.B.

Without naming half the positions of honor and trust this distinguished diplomat has enjoyed, it is safe to assume that his training and experience has eminently fitted him for the duties of the high office he now holds. Indeed, this noble Briton has set an example in our capital city which may well be emulated by untitled officials.

Almost every day during the season one may see Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote walking on the beautiful avenues of Washington; and even going long distances to the suburban portions of the city. One may see them, too, making calls without a carriage, both bright and sparkling with healthy and sensible exercise.

The Misses Pauncefote are all extremely fond of walking and equally fond of driving, fond of good generous open air tonics; and sensible enough to walk, if they choose, accompanied by the handsome dogs of which they are very proud.

Lady Pauncefote, the youthful matron of this distinguished household, is a charming and genial hostess with sweet winning simplicity and gentle dignity of manner. She is fair with fine blue eyes, and is still youthful in appearance.

The eldest daughter, Miss Maude Pauncefote, is a highly cultured young lady and has traveled extensively. She is fond of her brushes, and her mornings are usually devoted to painting and etching. Long walks and drives, calls and receptions occupy the afternoons.

Miss Violet Sibyl Pauncefote, the second daughter, has only recently been introduced into society. She is a lovely young lady, devoted to out of door sports, and is a picture of perfect health.

Miss Lilian, the third daughter, is a fine type of a vigorous English girl, with very dark eyes and hair, with her father's characteristics. The youngest, a fair-haired little maiden of thirteen summers is enthusiastic in her admiration of Washington, as she is of her music. Her heart is no doubt even yet touched by the sight of the handsome goat turnouts seen here, for she used to drive a team of goats in the parks of London.

Since Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote became residents of Washington, they have indentified themselves with many philanthropic interests, prominent among which was their proffering the ball-room of the British Legation for a concert in aid of the Woman's Hospital and Dispensary during the Lenten season. Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote after greeting their friends, sat with the family just outside the ball-room where they enjoyed the rare musical selections. The footmen of the Legation were detailed to the duty of seating the guests, and at least four hundred were comfortably seated in the ball-room. The doors leading to the dining-room were thrown open and late-comers were accomodated with good seats. When at four o'clock the blinds of the beautiful crimson and gold ball-room were drawn up, a flood of warm, bright sunshine fell on an elegantly attired throng of society people.

At this concert, Mdlle. Marie Decca, the famous American songstress delighted the guests with her exquisite vocalization. So perfect was the blending of melody with the rare intonation and bird-like passages reaching to F natural, one listening, could scarcely realize how far into the almost unattainable realm of song this gifted artist carried them.

The British Legation is well arranged, and admirably adapted for entertaining almost as many guests as the executive mansion. It is located on Connecticut avenue near a spacious park, in the vicinity of many elegant residences in the fashionable "West End."

Sir Julian's plan of social entertainment varies somewhat from that of the former British ministers. For this season they had arranged a series of dinner parties, one each week, thus during the season entertaining a great many guests. A ball every two weeks, with guests selected with reference to their congeniality, was another part of the official program, now sadly changed by the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

Last year the ball given by Sir Julian and Lady Pouncefote at the close of the season to the Diplomats, and officials of our government, was one of the most select and brilliant events in court circles. Between four and five hundred guests were present. The spacious ball room, drawing and dining rooms, afforded ample space for dancing and promenade. At no time was there a crowd, one of the contingencies Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote are careful to avoid. The decoration, the legal ensignia of the various diplomatic crops, the superb toilets and rare jewels worn by the ladies, made one of the most enchanting pictures of the many brilliant scenes at the Legation. The dining room with its wealth of plate, cut glass and rare china, abounded with every delicacy attainable. Another marked feature in this court circle is the warmth of greeting one receives. Sir Julian seems specially a favorite with young gentlemen, and his manner towards them is social and entertaining.

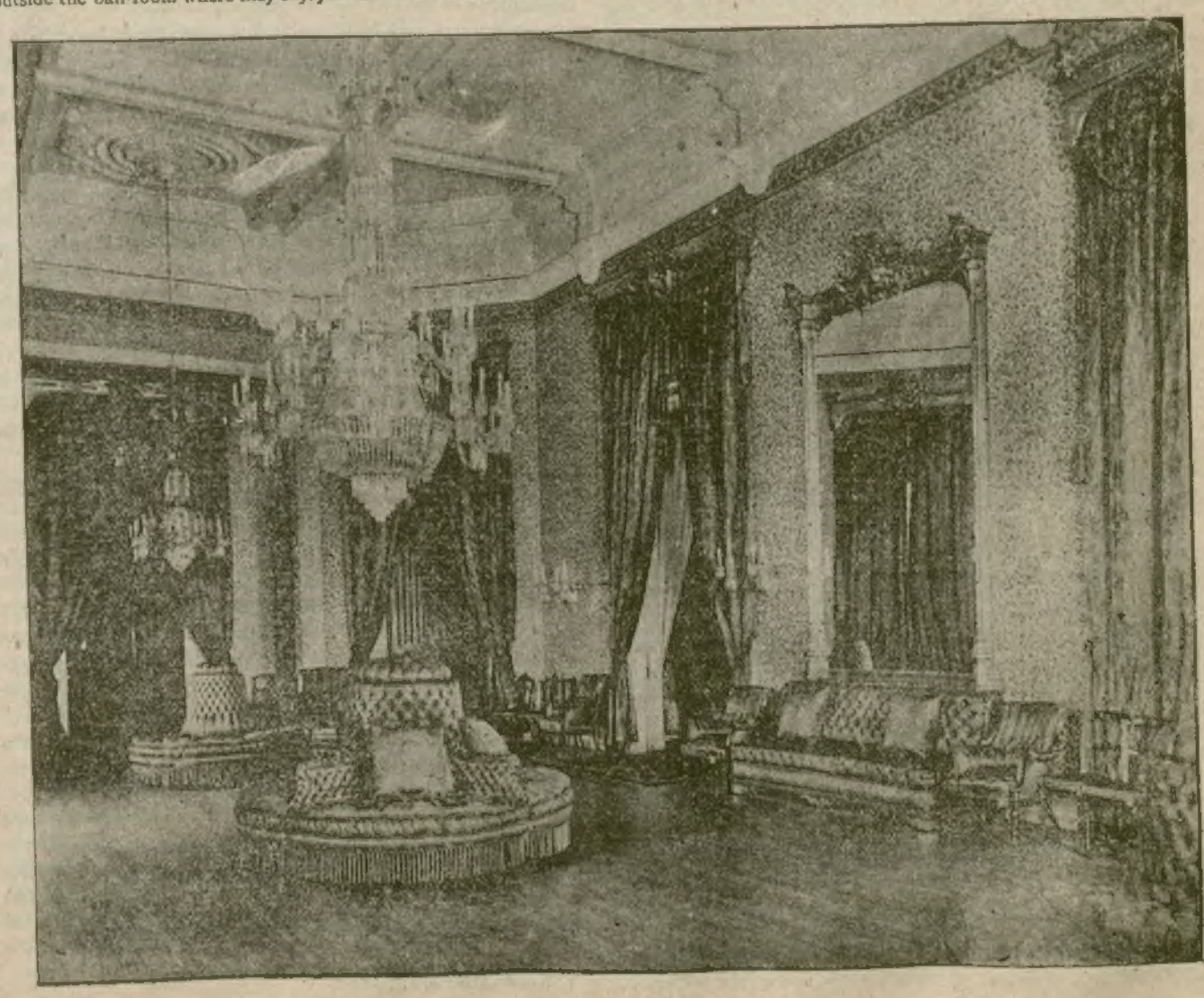
In this, I do not mean that to the favored few, and these in diplomatic circles, but to any courteous gentleman who has business with the legation; Sir Julian's manner has the soul and heart of true royalty, felt and appreciated by his American cousins.

In our great republic of untitled nobility, as well as in the kingdoms of courtly and queenly rank, people of assured social and intellectual position do not have to assume *anything*. They possess what others who cannot claim either position or intellect, have to *assume* to possess.

Good breeding cannot be purchased, it comes by inheritance, and no matter what one's garb may be, or what reverses have been experienced, the gentle air of refinement, the sweet dignity of good breeding is always the royal ensignia of true greatness.

All through the Behring Sea negotiation, Sir Julian Pauncefote has maintained the same uniform consideration and ability which has given him fame as a distinguished diplomat.

FRANK R. STOCKTON sails this week to be absent four or five months in England and Scotland. With the exception of a brief visit to Paris, Mr. Stockton will do no Continental travel, his main object being to see English rural life. While absent Mr. Stockton will work on his play for the Independent Theater in New York, but aside from this will do no literary work.



RECEPTION ROOM.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

The Forest Evensong.

Under the murmuring pines
I lingered one still even',
Watching the sunset glory,
As the rays of dying day
Gleamed forth with its last heart-throb.
There rose in the pines above me,
A weird wild, shivering sob,
That fell to a low, soft sigh;
And, borne by the passing breeze,
'Twas whispered through the forest,
And echoed by all the trees,
Until the mighty chorus
Chanted low the plaintive strain,
And the music of the song
Rose and fell in sad refrain.
But when twilight's shadows lower'd,
Softly sweet, it died away;
'Twas the forest's evensong,
The requiem of the day.

Alice Ellis.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Western Legend.

While in a western state I crossed the village of Showanema. Independent it seemed, asserting itself there where the interminable prairie, with its probing eyes, forever watching its movements. On one side, however, it heard the murmur of a stream; perhaps, it was because of the words of this sweet singer that the houses without exception were along this brooklet's banks. With the eagerness of one whose surroundings are new and happy looking, I passed on thoroughly enjoying the morning scene. A breezy, gratified laugh caused me to turn and I met the amused eyes of a lady, young and pleasant to look upon.

"Pardon my abruptness," she said, "but this is frequently my introduction. I find that strangers walk but a short distance before they grow oblivious of all sounds and sights, and stand listening to our siren's voice," and she pointed to the stream, accompanying the movement with a laugh, which seemed an echo of the gurgling waters, to which, in truth, I had lost myself.

"I never listened to water-tongues as enchanting," I replied, "however, you need not think I have not given admiration to the village you have here, but what are those ruins beyond?" My eyes for the first time roved further than the stream, in the tissues of whose all bright beams seemed to have been woven.

"Those ruins," she answered, "have been there, just as you see them, as far back as I can remember, and, indeed, they exceed the memory of our oldest people. The story say, and these ruins indicate that years and years ago there was a village there of which ours is almost a copy, and that it was by waters as beautiful. The legend is interesting, and if you care for old tales of this nature, I will tell you concerning it this afternoon. My little brother here may accompany you, if you wish a nearer view of the ruins. My name is Grace Vimont, and you are—"

"Nell Constance, and I am very appreciative of your kindness."

Attended by the lad I visited those ruins. At first I questioned and listened, but soon we walked both silent; voice and laughter would have been unseemly, the earth scarce gave sound beneath our footsteps. There were about a dozen houses standing, the others had fallen, and lay there heaps of bony ribs—one street of moveless gloom. I put my hand on one of the doors and would have attempted to enter, but the boy made a dissenting movement, while with his white face and dilated eyes, he might have been an apparition from the chilly air. In the rear, rose some pine trees, not green and filled with drowsy sighing, but silent and dead—skeletons of shadow. To my surprise, I not ced somewhat beyond these a wigwam, with no companion. In front of it was a pine, brown as its neighbors, to which was anchored a worm-eaten canoe. Along the length of these ruins ran a stream, not full and whispering to flowers and leaves on its margin, but its waters were shallow and its high banks were forsaken. There the sides stood, sometimes showing a stony front, but more frequently they inclined themselves as if seeking for the sunny stream, which formerly rushed against them in rippling gladness, or bounded over with a yelp of delight. Below, over a dusky bed, ran the far-off water; at first, it's voice seemed one of gentle indistinctness, but soon the attention was claimed by the wierd murmur which came to you like a low note of pain. A little removed from the opposite bank tall water-weeds and full-grown sedge indicated a moor with its poisonous exhalations. Turning I looked once more over the almost lifeless scene, which seemed "unsunned in the sunshine."

I met Miss Vimont, and listened to the burden of the legend which is handed from parent to child in that pretty village.

One afternoon in the long ago, and many years before the birth of the village, Showanema, two emigrating families rested by the waters of the now low-lying stream. Finding there a desirable land their homes were soon erected. Within a few years other dwellings were added and by degrees it become quite an active village. Like a picture those two houses must have appeared so pleasantly located within the brooklet's hearing and strangely, too, within the sight of several wigwams. Only one of the wigwams, however, was inhabited at that time. The others had been vacated by those whose daring spirits and restless love of hunting had found the forests beyond more enticing; but an aged squaw, refusing to leave the burying ground of her people and her chieftain, remained in her desolate lodge. That stream was one of her earliest memories; her father, the chief of the camping tribe, had raised her that she might look over the dirling waters, and she in baby glee had exclaimed: "*Ewayea, ewayea!" which was one of her first utterances. The delighted Indians caught up the word, Ewayea, and called the stream by that name.

Often she might be seen, that dark, old dame, with wind tossed hair, sitting on the water-brink. She was living over, perchance, the time when she had been wont to skim those star-brightened waves in the lightest of birch canoes, to listen to the caressing whispers of her lover, a young chief of a neighboring but hostile tribe. A mile he would take as readily as a step, when at each full moon he came over many of them to meet the maiden whom he thought a vision of loveliness complete. She married the chief in days of peace—but her youth and the chief were no more, and she was there—the left—alone.

About twice a month several of her tribe would visit her bearing provisions for her and her attendant, together with some delicacy or gift which would evidence their love and attention. On one occasion they surprised her by bringing in addition to their various offerings, the child of a near kinsman, now the child of the tribe, for its parents had died within a moon of each other. Though the tall form was infirm and the withered hands would tremble, yet willingly did she gather the lisping girl in her arms, and she thought the little one full of sweet charms. She was no longer sad and lonely, small hands fluttered about her soft as a bird's wing, pretty accents won her from herself, and little wants and plans of pleasure kept her busy. The first change of any consequence was when the whites settled there. The next morning after their arrival, a little boy was attracted by the wigwam and ventured near. He grew wide-eyed when he saw in front of it a very small Indian girl with great dark eyes and coal-black hair, dressed in white doeskin finished off with bright beads and beautiful tassels. After a goodly stare on each side, he ventured near—and it came about that she had a playmate. So they lived; the days rippled on right pleasantly, and Ewayea's waters rippled in answering harmony.

All unconsciously childhood was taken away from these two, and youth was given. Wild and wayward they would bound across the stream in their racing canoes, and the waves would shake all their sides in laughter; sweet and gentle they would walk beneath the pines but no startled bird gave cry of sorrow; full of mirth and mischief they would tease each other, but their eyes held no shadowy visions. Nothing had ever come between them, the daylight of youth was undimmed, and occupying each others thought and admiration they were happy. The squaw looking upon them, with her weak, wandering eyes, saw in them only the children she was accustomed to see together; their looks and gestures meant no more to her. Nothing bespoke an early end to their ebullient youth; nothing whispered to the merry stream that the time of its singing would soon be over. All were happy, and in an unthinking way.

The tribe had been told repeatedly of the slender maiden, with head carried as proudly as the hind's, and with scarlet freshness on cheek and mouth; in fact, it was thought such beauty was never known among their people.

The visits by some of the tribe to this lone wigwam were continued. One day it chanced that there was with them a young warrior, tawny as antique bronze, who by his valor had gained the chieftain's favor, and filled the place of son. The brave was distinguishable by the deer-skin so profusely ornamented, by the crest of eagle feathers, and by the painted weapons he always bore.

He glanced upon the maiden, then fascinated brought his lips together and watched her. He felt within him a great bound of triumph and determined that no one should dare to woo her with caresses, no whispers save his own should be sweet to her. Later she left the lodge and soon two canoes were out on the waters. The tawny lover followed shortly, and his face grew heavy with rage, as he glared after them and he played now and then with his unerring bow. On his return to the wigwam, he told the squaw of his latest plans, that his followers had returned to the chief for retinue befitting the maiden he would make his own, and that she must, also, prepare to accompany them to their camping ground. The aged squaw raised her slow eyes to his face, and her words were unspoken, for she saw that she, who had been accustomed to command, was powerless before that stern look. When the young girl reached the wigwam a glance showed her that for once life was denuded of all pleasure, and though unguessing the extent of the shadow that had fallen, she sat down by the old woman and nestled into her arms—and so sleep came to them.

With the new dawn there approached the unexpected train, and departure was arranged. The young girl on being told that she was leaving her home for all time blanched and staggered for the moment, then rallied all her strength to assert self command. She missed the squaw and found her brooding by the waters which were to the old a part of life, and which to the maiden had always been joy-waves. Again and again she would hear falling from the withered lips the words, "†Showain nemeshin, showain nemeshin!" till the murmur reached the ear of the stream and the waters grew quiet, and not having the heart to bestir themselves remained ever afterwards currentless.

All day they journeyed. The aged woman became weary unto death; and by her side rode the young girl, a far-away look in her eye, which now and then disappeared, leaving gleams like lightnings which plays along the line of the cloud which brings the storm. While the sun was yet high there came messengers to the braves that a hostile tribe had drawn nigh, and an attack was being planned. They reached their people, and out came the old chief to give them welcome, when the over-wearied squaw fell lifeless at his feet, and the maiden rent the air with cries of anguish.

A few days later the young chief returned on the war path, all streaked with red and blue and yellow. He thought his love's scorn would vanish and she would greet with pride her warrior brave with his girdle of scalps; but the maid was not there. His heart burned "like a living coal," when he learned that she had disappeared. Intuitively he knew where she had gone, and he departed on the trial.

She had returned to the lodge by the beautiful waters. The pale-face, who had loved her from childhood, all alone as he was, he would be powerless to protect her; so he induced her to return to her tribe for a day or two, until he could arrange to come and carry her far away. He attended her as far as he deemed wise. When he had left her, she stopped awhile irresolute, perplexed by feelings of longing and fearing, then turned and before long stood again by the stream which raised its sweet voice faintly though its waters were tideless and still. She knew not that a dark form had been following her movements, stepping cautiously in the soft shadow. All night she sat there, and just as the morning began to streak its face with colors bright an Indian paint, the young chief strode to her side. She crouched not nor gasped when she looked at him, fired with jealousy and hatred, his eyes burning like fagots. A moment, a second—and she fell pierced by his arrow. He lifted her quivering so pitifully, placed her on the threshold of her white lover, and turned away satisfied with this revengeful message. The door was shortly opened and the young white's eyes were held by the breathless but still warm form of his love. From her faithful heart uprose the arrow tipped with eagle feathers, and her poor eyes moved and glassed themselves on his. Hard his breath came, and cold sweat melted from his brow, and with great pain throbs in his brain and bosom, he carried his dead love to his room. He paused as if uncertain, then girdling his weapons and barricading his door, departed on the murderer's trail. In the fading light he returned with a scalp at his belt, but bowed in grief as with great age.

When a child his love had told him when death came she wished to be laid in the clear stream instead of being buried in the dark earth. So wrapped in snowy fur he bore her out when the moon shone full, placed her in her own canoe and lowered it into the waters. As it fell beneath the surface, the water uttered a great gasp, then sank over her and sucked away. The morning light shone on shallow waters, and there was no trace of the canoe that had gone down with its beautiful burden. In its place, on the bed of the stream, was the outline of a maid, while there arose a voice from the low-lying waves which said: "Showain nemeshin, showain nemeshin!"

"That is all of the story," concluded my informer, "the stream never regained its depth and sweetness, and the villagers changed its name to Showain-nemeshin, and, that too, is the origin of the name of our own village. The water which eddied away that night flooded the land beyond, and caused a moor, and the residents fled from the sickness which was its issue. Even yet you may hear the refrain of that far-off water, and it is said that you may sometimes see a fair-haired youth and a dark browed maiden gliding in their canoes across the space where the waters were wont to flow musically long ago."

Daisy Sheltman.

* Ewayea: lullaby.
† Showain nemeshin: pity me.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Show Forth Excellencies.

I. PETER, II., 9.

I.—The word here translated "praises" is capable of at least four or five different meanings. For instance, it may mean "praises," or "virtues," or "perfections," or "excellencies." This last is the word preferred by the revisers of the New Testament, and that is the word we shall use this morning. Then, again, the words here translated "show forth" simply means to "speak out," "to declare abroad," "to make manifest"; or, if used with reference to our conduct and character to "reproduce" or "represent" that which we have seen and know to be in another.

Now, the great business of the Christian believer in his relation to Christ on the one hand, and to the world on the other, is "to show forth the excellencies of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light." In one respect, therefore, his mission is not different from that of his Master. Christ came to show f[illegible] the Father; to declare Him; to bring Him out into the full, [illegible]ht of human observation. "He that hath seen Me hath [illegible] Father." In like manner we are to show forth the excellencies; to declare the virtues of Christ. He once spake of his first disciples as his witnesses. There is a very special sense in which that was true. For about three years they were His constant companions; they saw the miracles He performed; they heard the words He spoke; they were with Him in the day's burning heat, and in the night's cool shade. They were with Him in the exultation of His joy; they were with Him in the humiliation of His grief. Some of them gazed upon the splendor of His transfiguration, and some upon His soul's direst agony. Of those things, and of the purpose of them, they were to be witnesses. In like manner with us. So far as we have seen Christ; so far as we have heard Him; so far as we know Him; so far as we have fathomed the mystery and understood the meaning of His excellencies, so far is it our bounden duty to become His witnesses. It is a great mistake to suppose that His trial and condemnation and death are

merely matters of historic interest. They are things of to-day as well as of yesterday. They are going on now. To-day He is standing before the world's tribunal. To-day He is being tried by the world's judge. We cannot help that; but we may, perchance, influence the verdict. At any rate something will be accomplished by the bearing of a clear, full testimony to the value of His excellencies.

II.—Let us now observe, in the first place, that we have a character to be reproduced. We have to show forth the excellencies of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.

Now, in reviewing the pages of history we meet but few men whose character would repay the toil and trouble of reproduction. It is not that the great majority of men are a failure. It is not that they live and die without accomplishing any good thing. It is not that at all. It is rather that their conduct is so ordinary; that their accomplishments are so few that the world sees no reason for desiring that they should live again.

Now and then, however, we come across a man belonging to quite a different order. A man who, either by the splendid light of his mind, or by the wonderful tenderness of his heart has accomplished so much good and brought down so many blessings upon the world that we would gladly, if it were possible, have such an one return to us. Now, first upon the list of such men must be placed the name of Jesus of Nazareth. He is the one great historical character which the world must never lose sight of. He is the one great historical personality which the world cannot afford to forget. His coming into the world nearly nineteen centuries ago marked the dawn of a new era in the history of humanity. He brought life and immortality to light by His Gospel. In the beauty of His life men find their ceaseless inspiration; in the fellowship of his sufferings and in the power of His resurrection their certainty of redemption. The world's light and the world's health and the world's holiness depend upon Him. No generation can be unfaithful to its Lord with impunity. The moment we begin to forsake Him we begin to go down.

Now, thank God, this character is being reproduced. In our very midst His influence is being felt; His work is being done. We ourselves are witnesses that His mission was not a failure. We speak of His ministry in Palestine. His ministry in Canada to-day is far more glorious. We speak of the crowd that followed Him then; the crowd that follow Him now are far larger, more numerous and more earnest. We speak of the miracles He performed. We are almost startled by them, but the miracles he performs now are far more wonderful. We have heard that he once fed five thousand men with five barley loaves and a few small fishes. To-day, on this very continent, He is feeding millions of hungry souls with the bread that perisheth not. Thus Christ is still with us. His life, His energy, His blessing are as much things of to-day as they were realities to Palestine in the days of His flesh.

For the sake of convenience we will speak of His excellencies under three heads—the beautiful, the useful, the transcendent:

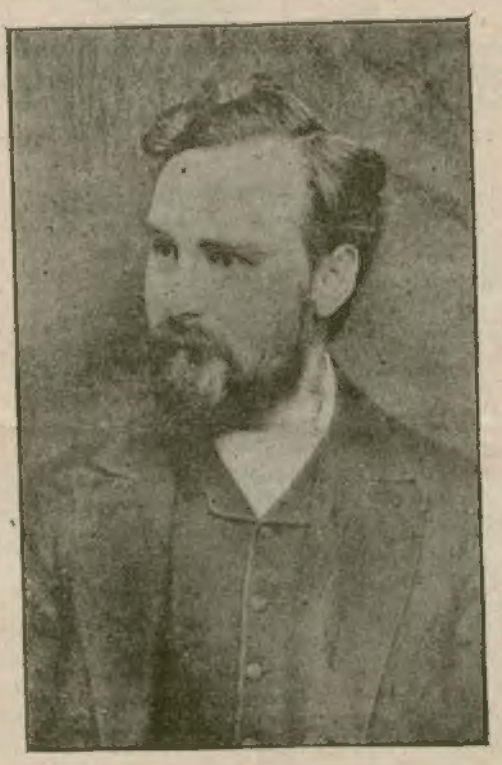
1. *The Beautiful.*—I do not here use the word in its physical sense; I use it in its moral application. The difference is manifest. Here is a rose. How beautiful! So it is—that is to say physically—beautiful in form, in color, in fragrance. Here is a face. How beautiful! So it is—that is to say physically. But the virtues, the excellencies of the Saviour are not beautiful in that sense. Note this suggestive fact. In no page of the New Testament have we the slightest suggestion as to His physical appearance. Evidently, then, it was not the mind of the Spirit that we should fix our thoughts upon the outward form. In what, then, did these beauties consist? In sympathy, in honesty, in purity, in compassion, in meekness, in brotherly kindness. In such things, you perceive, as the world thinks but little of; but in the Kingdom of God such are the virtues which prevail.

2. *The Useful.*—Here is where the Saviour triumphed. He came to serve, to suffer. "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." The world to which He came was intensely practical. Sin was a terrible reality, and so was suffering and so was pain. He came, therefore, not merely to cultivate the world's tastes, but also to dry the world's tears and to heal the world's wounds. His excellency, therefore, consisted in usefulness. One of the best things ever spoken concerning Him was this: "He went about doing good." One of the best things He ever uttered concerning Himself was this: "I must work the works of Him that sent me." He had learnt and He had taught this magnificent secret—that if you would influence men and save them you must work for them. Men believe in physical effort sooner than they believe in anything else. There is sometimes more vital Christianity in the gift of a cup of cold water than there is in a lengthened discourse. The Saviour healed men; He healed them of their diseases as well as proclaimed to them the forgiveness of their sins. Redemption is always in the line of service, it is always in the line of sacrifice.

3. *The Transcendent.*—By this I mean that there was always something beyond, something still to aim at, something not yet attained. There is an element of tameness in a task that is done, in a difficulty that is overcome. The schoolboy will know what I mean, The problem you solve to-day is not the problem you wish to return to to-morrow. You want to be going forward to something else, and if it so be that your teacher asks you to go over again that which you have already accomplished you feel hurt. Herein lies the difference between studying the character of the Saviour and that of any other. All others are limited and, therefore, in time you come to a full stop. There is nothing more to be known; nothing more to be learned. But not so with Jesus. His excellencies are transcendent, and Eternity itself will be one long celebration of His praises.

We are to show forth the excellencies of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light. I will endeavor to put the truth in a thoroughly practical form. A friend of mine, referring to a great traveler, said: "What a charming companion he makes! How full of incident his life has been! How pleasant to listen to the story of his adventures!" True, but we are all great travellers. We are on our journey to a better land. "Here we have no continuing city." And, at any rate in the case of some of us, the journey has not been without thrilling incident, without critical adventure. When God calls a man out of darkness into light that's a thrilling incident. Very well, tell that. When God tells a man that his sins are forgiven, that his iniquity is pardoned, that's a thrilling incident. Very well, tell that. A dear friend of mine recently got converted. He is a butcher by trade, and for a long time past has been in the habit of supplying a certain hotel-keeper with meat; and he never went to that hotel-keeper with his meat without having a drink. But as soon as he got converted he went to that hotel-keeper and said, "Now, Tom, I want you to understand that I am a converted man, and I have given up drinking, and I don't want you to ask me to drink any more. And, mind you, if you do I will not come near you any more. I shall be very pleased to supply you with meat as usual, if you wish, but I am a converted man and I will not touch the cup, so don't ask me." Now, that is what I call showing forth the excellencies of Him who hath called us.

III.—Let us refer, in the second place, to the nature of this reproduction. One thing is perfectly clear. It is this: Before you can have faithful reproduction you must first of all have clear and distinct apprehension. In other words, before I can show forth the excellencies of Christ I must know what those excellencies are. How is this knowledge to be obtained? By calm and careful meditation. Notice yonder landscape artist. With sure and steady eye he gazes upon the rustic scene. He reflects thereon, he meditates thereon. He fills his soul with the picture he is going to reproduce. It becomes a part of his very being. Now, when he has so made the scene his own he has no difficulty in putting it upon the canvas. In like manner, believe me, when once we have made the virtues of Christ our own we shall have no difficulty in reproducing them upon the canvas of our lives.



Robt. Aylward.

Right in the first psalm we have a full-length portraiture of a perfect man. He is described first in relation to what he is, not to what he does not do; and, secondly, in relation to what he is, to what he does. He does not walk in the counsel of the ungodly; he does not stand in the way of sinners; neither does he sit in the seat of the scornful. "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." Now that is the secret of His blessedness. He delights in the law of the Lord. He meditates thereon day and night. "He meditates." He extracts and appropriates that which is good in righteousness and truth, and having appropriated it he lives it out before his fellows.

And that is the secret of all beautiful life. Take the flower. It appropriates! It appropriates light and warmth from the sun. It has no beauty of itself. It is nothing apart from the sun. It is the sun that paints the rose; but the rose reproduces the color and the ragrance of which the sun is the cause.

IV.—And now, in closing, let us say a brief word concerning the people to whom these blessings belong. They are variously described in this very passage. First they are called a "chosen generation," or, more accurately, an "elect race." That is to say that just as the class of Abraham was selected from among all the families of the earth "for special honor and special work" so the people of God to-day have bestowed upon them a "special work to do and special privileges to enjoy." "A royal priesthood!" There is a sense in which every believer in Christ is a priest of God. A priest in olden times was one who served in the things of God. He stood, as it were, between God and man; between the majesty and glory of the one and the suffering and need of the other. Every Christian should feel that he stands, as it were, half way between a holy God and a perishing world, and that it is his business to minister of the blessings of the one to the needs of the other. "A holy nation!" That is to say a nation set apart for holy purposes as opposed to those nations who have nothing holy in all their thoughts. "A peculiar people!" What can that mean? Look at the margin: "A purchased people." That's it! Peculiar because purchased. Peculiarly God's own because purchased by His own blood. As the child sometimes says of a silver coin, "It's my very own," the Christian believer is God's "very own."

Oh! what honor, what blessing, what dignity is placed upon men in Christ! God grant that we may all prove faithful to it!

Rev. Robert Aylward, B.A.

Rev. Robert Aylward, B.A., pastor of the first Congregational Church, London, Ont., was born at Hunston, Sussex County, England, July 22nd, 1856. He received his education at private schools and New College, London, England, and afterwards graduated with the degree of B.A. at Victoria University, Cobourg He is also an associate of the *Senatus Academicus* of England and Wales in theological science. Before entering the ministry he was in a mercantile establishment. He was ordained to the High St. Congregational Church, West Bromwick, Eng., on June 11th, 1885, where he remained until 1887, when he came to Canada. On his arrival in Canada he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Cobourg. In 1890 he resigned the pastorate of this church to take the oversight of his present charge, which is the largest in the denomination in Western Ontario. It was established in 1837. The building occupies an excellent site on Dundas street, and is a handsome and comfortable structure. Mr. Aylward was married on October 5th, 1886, to Miss Bridget A. Ritchie, of Havanto, England.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec.	26th, 1891	:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan.	2nd, 1892	:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
"	9th, "	:	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
"	16th, "	:	Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York.
"	23rd, "	:	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
"	30th, "	:	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb.	6th, "	:	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
"	13th, "	:	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
"	20th, "	:	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
"	27th, "	:	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March	5th, "	:	Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
"	12th, "	:	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
"	19th, "	:	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
"	26th, "	:	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April	2nd, "	:	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
"	9th, "	:	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D., Woodstock.
"	16th, "	:	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., Toronto.
"	23rd, "	:	Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto.
"	30th, "	:	Rev. R. Tiefy, B.A., Toronto.
May	7th, "	:	Rev. W. Henry Warriner, M. A., B. D., Montreal.
"	14th, "	:	Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.
"	21st, "	:	Rev. J. J. Hare, B.A., Whitby.
"	28th, "	:	Rev. Archibald McGregor, Forest, Ont.
June	4th, "	:	Rev. Hartley Carmichael, Richmond, Va.
"	11th, "	:	Rev. D. M. Gordon, Halifax, N. S.

The Decline of Dancing.

Ominous rumors have for some time past been floating through the columns of the French press, to the effect that dancing is to be done away with as an amusement unfit for this age of intellectual pursuits and pleasures.

The Paris *Figaro* of a day or two ago declares that dancing, the "dream of young girls," is going out of fashion, merely because the lady leaders of the Parisian salons no longer encourage this kind of amusement at their receptions.

With the sprightliness which characterizes our contemporary, the *Figaro* takes up the cause of the girls, and urges that some leading society lady should revert to the custom of the "good old times," and throw her drawing-rooms open for the benefit of the girls, and also for that of the mothers of the girls. The absence of *reunions dansantes* is also to be regretted from the point of view of the mothers who have daughters of a marriageable age.

Meanwhile, it is evidently the waltz which is made chiefly responsible for the indifference to dancing. The waltz is too boisterous, it is said, and too exhausting; and it is, therefore, a thing to be thankful for that it has been done away with in all Parisian salons except those slightly attacked by Anglomania. Another reason for the unpopularity of the waltz is said to be found in the fact that it is, above all, a German dance.

Yet another objection to the waltz is, as the king of waltz composers, Johann Strauss, of Vienna, points out, that it is impossible to talk while waltzing, and that, while the quadrille is the triumph of the flirt, the waltz is his (or her) death.

The clamor for quadrille and minuet dancing becomes greater as the waltz sinks in the estimation of dancers; and if the present agitation continues, we may, before long, revert to the pretty dances at the end of the last century, and watch the *jeunesse doree* "trip it neatly" through the mazes of the "square" dance.

But in order to enjoy these most charming of dances to the full, the Watteau costume should be worn at them, and the men should see that, instead of wearing black coats with flying tails, and trousers reaching to the tips of the toes (a costume which would look more ridiculous and inartistic than ever in a graceful "square dance"), they adopt the picturesque apparel, minus the wig and queue, in which we see the beaus of the times when the Court of Versailles was in its highest splendor, flit daintily over the parquet floors, engaged in performing, together with their belles, the dances of which every moment was said to be poetry incarnate.

"Be you the dentist-man?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Waal, I want tew git a pair o' teeth. They're all the style out our way."

"Sit down, sir, and I'll take the impression of your mouth."

"Oh, you needn't bother measurin'. Jest pick out a pretty good-sized pair. They hain't fer me, anyhow; they're fer mother."

Prominent Women.

No. 13.—Miss Bell.

Canadian art and literature, if they can be said to exist, are in their infancy. That every true Canadian should strive to encourage our young efforts to build up a natural art and literature is beyond question. Such efforts in the last few years have indeed been encouraged, though the movement is circumscribed and the chances of making a livelihood to the votaries of art and literature in Canada are small, as the picture-buyers of Montreal and Toronto go to the Old World for their art.

Miss Bell, the artist, is the daughter of Mr. Andrew Bell, C. E., of Almonte, Ontario. His brother, the late Dr. John Bell, will always be remembered in Montreal with respect and affection. All those interested in science appreciate Dr. Robert Bell, of Ottawa.

Mr. Bell's work on the dam at Carillon was the cause of his leaving the Province of Ontario and bringing his family to settle in St. Andrew's, a small village two miles from Carillon, where the dam across the Ottawa was to be built. Here Miss Bell lived for some time, showing always a great taste for drawing, amusing the little ones with wonderful pictures of fairies and giants, painting blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked paper dolls to delight the hearts of small friends and sisters. "When Min is a great artist," the children said.

Miss Bell entered the art school in Montreal, when she studied under Mr. Harris. She showed the most marked talent, and her masters felt when she left to join the Art League of New York that they were sending a pupil across the border who was to do them credit. Her progress here was rapid, she passed almost immediately from the antique to the life class. Miss Bell's delicate constitution could not stand the close and hard work of the school. She struggled bravely against this grave disadvantage, but was obliged to give in and return home. On the completion of the dam Mr. Bell returned to Almonte, Ontario.

Miss Bell remained at home for a year, recovering her strength in the hopes of continuing her studies in Paris, the Mecca of all art students. This wish was fulfilled, and in the spring of 1888 she joined Miss Houghton, who was studying there. They lived together going to the studios of Mr. Largare, an American, and Carlo Rossa As the spring advanced into summer, and the heat grew more intense they left Paris for Port Aven in Brittany.

The country life and the surroundings of the quaint old world-place so fascinated Miss Bell that she remained till the following spring, painting a picture for the salon, "La petite Malade." It was favorably criticised by Carolus, Durand, and Rocle said that with study and work there were qualities in the picture which promised that the young artist *should become a master*. The picture was hung in the salon, Miss Bell returning to Paris for the great event.

Miss Bell and Miss Houghton once more settled down together, but in the Luxembourg quarters, dear to the hearts of art students. They joined Cola Rosse's classes where Courtois, Dagnan Bouvert, Bixens and Blanc corrected.

This was the spring of the great exhibition at which collections from all parts of the civilized world were exhibited. Such great opportunities were eagerly siezed, and delightful days were spent in the different galleries.

This summer Miss Bell and her friend crossed to England where they spent the summer and late autumn in St. Ives, Cornwall. Here Miss Bell painted her strongest picture "Twilight." Her knowledge of tecnique is clearly shown. Her power of seeing and depicting sentiment in the people about her, the feeling of rest and tranquility which pervades this hour combine to render this picure charming. The two artists returned to Paris for the New Year.

They took a studio apartment near their old quarters and once more returned into the delightful life of freedom and hard and interesting work, which makes the Bohemia of Paris so entrancing. At an exhibition of student's work held in one of Cola Russe's classrooms, Courtois mentioned Miss Bell's name among the best workers in the school, adding he did not understand why the work of Marie Baskkerseff should be talked of in a school where there were students who worked as the ladies he had mentioned did.

After a summer spent at Montigny near Fountainblea, another winter of hard work in Paris Miss Bell's and Miss Houghton's thoughts were turned homeward. Miss Bell did not return till the autumn of 1891. A delightful trip was taken through the Low Countries to wind up with three months painting in Etaples pas de Calais.

Miss Bell is now established in Montreal as a painter of children's portraits.

In appearance Miss Bell is small with quantities of brown hair and blue eyes. When one looks at her delicate physique, one wonders that so much will and determination could be contained in a body so fragile and delicate.

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Hon. Mrs Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
" 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.
" 10—Agnes Knox. Toronto.
" 11—Maud Ogilvy.
" 12—Mrs. Martha D. Lincoln, Washington.

A BRIGHT little four-year-old boy was lying in the grass and looking into the sky, when he spied the moon. He was astonished to see it in the daytime. Suddenly jumping up, he rushed into the house and cried:

"O mamma, God forgot to take his moon in last night!"

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

GENERAL.

HIS Excellency the Governor General and party left Ottawa last week for Metapodia, where he will spend the summer, except for a short visit to prorogue parliament.

* * * *

CANADIAN ladies should bestir themselves with regard to the ladies' exhibit at the World's Fair next year. A committee of selection has been appointed, and the finest specimens of ladies' work shown at the principal exhibitions this fall will be chosen to represent Canada at Chicago. This will also lend an additional interest to our own exhibitions this year.

* * * *

THE actress Adele Sandrock has been declared a bankrupt. Her liabilities are officially stated at 70,000 florins, mostly due to the persons who made the dresses worn in her recent American tour. Her assets consist of these dresses and a set of jewelry.

TORONTO.

SIR LEONARD AND LADY TILLEY are visiting the city. They are the guests of Lieut. Col. Toller.

* * * *

MRS. BROUGHALL, wife of Rev. A. J. Broughall, and Miss Lloyd of Port Hope left on Tuesday for Europe, where they will travel some months.

* * * *

ON Thursday evening the Heintzman Co. band serenaded Mr. Thomas Paddon, an old employee of the, firm at his Villa on Bolton avenue.

* * * *

THE hall of the College of Music was well filled on Thursday by the friends of the pupils when a very creditable programme was gone through.

* * * *

THE season at Victoria park was opened last week when a large number visited this popular resort. A large picnic from Scarboro was also held there.

MISS BELL, ARTIST.

MRS. GERMAN entertained the members of the Stationing Committee of the Toronto Conference to an "At Home," at the parsonage, Parkdale, on Tuesday evening.

* * * *

NEARLY $600 was realiz d by the Public school children's concert in the Mutual street rink on the 3rd inst. The concert is to be repeated on the evening of Dominion Day.

* * * *

PROF. JOHN D. LAWSON, son of Mr. J. Lawson, of King street, east, has this week had conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., by the University of Columbia, Mo.

* * * *

THE Warden of York's annual excursion took place on Tuesday, the Hamilton Steamboat Co. taking the party there. We go to press too soon to give a full account, but more next week.

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MR. L. VANKOUGHNET Deputy-Superintendent of India affairs, has left for England at the bidding of his physican. There are some fears that he may not be able to resume duty, owing to his ill-health.

* * * *

A LARGE party from Toronto went up to the new natural gas wells at New Toronto last Saturday. A demonstration of the large powers of the last well was given, and a capital little speech made on the subject by Mr. Wright, of Montreal.

* * * *

MISS ALICE WOODWARD TURNER, of the Philadelpnia School of Oratory, reader and teacher of the Delsarte system of expression and physicial culture, will spend the summer in Toronto. She has studied with Mme. Geraldy Delsarte, and comes very highly recommended.

* * * *

WE regret to hear that Mr. G. E. Brame, the well-known musician is suffering from severe trouble with his throat. I hope it will be nothing lasting and that, with a long summer's rest before him, he will completely regain his usual strength. We cannot afford to lose this unassuming and genial worker. I have many recollections of some of his jokes, which only lack of space prevents my relating here.

THE Band Concerts commenced last Monday, the Q.O.R. band playing in the evening in Clarence Square. The forthcoming dates are as follows:—June 18th, afternoon, High Park, Q.O.R.; June 22nd, evening, Riverside Park, Grenadiers; June 24th, evening, Queen's Park, Q.O.R.; June 25th, afternoon, Island Park, Grenadiers.

* * * *

THE marriage of Miss Mary Emmeline Biggar and Mr. George F. Burton, was solemnized at St. George's church last Thursday. The bridesmaids were Misses Mary and Isabel Biggar, Miss Gladys Burton and Misses Mary and Noah Casey. Mr. Hugh Langton was groomsman, and Rev. Canon Cayley officiated. There was a reception afterwards at the house of the bride's father, 249 Simcoe street, at which a large number of friends and relatives were present.

* * * *

PACKED or crammed is the only expression for the state of St. James Cathedral on the occasion of Mis Ella Gooderham's marriage to the Rev. E. C. Acheson last week. The bride's dress was of gros grain silk, trimmed with venetian point lace, the bouquet being of lillies of the valley. The bridesmaids, Misses Maggie, Lillie, Violet aud Aileen Gooderham and Miss Mattie Lee wore dresses of Eau de Nile silk covered with cream spotted lissee and wool, large leghorn hats trimmed with white roses and green and white ribbons. Mr. Carter of New York was best man, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon du Moulin, assisted by Rev. Canon Sanson. The happy couple left in the afternoon for the New England mountains, where they spend their honeymoon.

* * * *

I CAN'T notice any more weddings this week. Their number has been simply appalling; every paper I pick up has accounts of a greater or less number, and if this goes on much longer—— Well, I can't positively say—but I shall really begin to think of getting married myself.

* * * *

THE annual commencement of the University was held in the Pavilion on Friday last. A large and fashionable audience was present to witness the ceremonies, but how did the geese, hens, etc., who made themselves so conspicious by their cackling during one portion of the proceedings, manage to gain admittance. The few, however, gave a relief to proceedings which, much as I stand in awe of all dons and other magnates of our universities, might otherwise been a trifle dull. Our sex were well to the fore, for Miss Lawler had the degree of M.A. conferred upon her, Miss L. D. Cummings took the William Mulock scholarship for Mathematics and to Miss J. A. Street was awarded the Morse Classical scholarship.

* * * *

ONE of the largest audiences I have ever seen in the Pavilion assembled there on Friday last to witness the exercises in physical culture performed by 150 young ladies from our public schools. The stage was very prettily got up, and formed a very effective background to the pretty scenes formed as the various motions and exercises were gone through, under the able direction of Capt. J. T. Thompson. Mr. A. P. Perrin had charge of the musical programme, while Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, the former as a vocalist, the latter at the piano, rendered effective service. We are well ahead in Canada as regards the physical culture of our young folks, and it is pleasing to see that when they come before the public their appearance is so well appreciated.

* * * *

THE first concert of the Toronto Orchestral School was a decided success, and should encourage its promoters to go on in the good work. The School has now over sixty members, mostly young musicians and forms a free training for them. I fancy the best performance of the Orchestra was Gillet's "Lion du Bal" in which a fine pianissimo effect was obtained, and which was deservedly encored. The orchestral work all round was very good indeed, considering this is a new society, and does great credit to Mr. W. H. Torrington, its director. Among the soloists Miss Maud Snarr, Miss Lena Adamson, Miss Massey, Mr. Welsman, Mr. Chattoe and Master Bertie Plant all acquitted themselves creditably. Inspector Hughes presented Miss Adamson and Mr. Torrington with florial tributes, accompanied by a few appreciative words, to which Mr. Torrington suitably replied, claiming at the same time the support of the public for the new enterprise, Miss Massey was also presented with a fine bouquet.

HAMILTON.

MOST of the society people here were present last week at Senator Sanford's reception, at which the guests were invited for a double purpose, to meet Mrs. and Mr. E. Jackson Sanford, and to open his new residence, "Wesanford," which is now, after being for two years under the sway of the workmen, one of the most magnificent mansions in the Dominion. The decorations throughout are most artistic, the guest chambers being fitted up in Louis XV. style; and some of the paintings in the drawing-room, such as "The Child of Christ" by Hoffman, are a treat to witness.

* * * *

EVERY arrangement had been made by the nurses at the Hospital for getting exercise in the intervals of rest from their arduous duties, by forming a Tennis Club to play on the lawn of the House of Refuge. Although strongly supported in their endeavor by the medical staff, through the apparently unreasonable opposition of the chairman of the Hospital committee they have been refused the simple privilege they asked for.

* * * *

MR. J. M. GIBSON and Mrs. Gibson left last week for a three months' trip to the Rocky mountains and Pacific coast. Col. Gibson has long looked forward to this journey, and expects to return from the Rockies full of fresh health and vigor.

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Lamps.

The tall pedestal lamps are becoming exceedingly fashionable just now, especially those made in wrought iron, entirely hand fash-

PEDESTAL LAMP.

ioned, and which have quite a mediæval appearance. We append a sketch of one of these lamps with a very pretty shade in old rose crepe and white lace. A drawing of another pretty shade is also given. This can be made in any color, of course, the paler colors giving the best lighting; but a charming effect is often produced by some of the deeper crimsons in these shades.

Fancy Baskets and Bags.

We append three illustrations of the above, which are such as can readily be made by any of our readers, and at the same time both novel and pretty.

No. 1 is a sachet bag, made of pink surah silk, tied with baby ribbon and suspended by wider pink ribbon tied in a bow.

No. 2 is a work basket, made from an ordinary collar box, covered with figured ribbon and draped with India silk; the pincushion is of silk and the rosettes of ribbon.

No. 3 is a basket for odds and ends, the framework being made of cardboard and covered with lace and bows, the arrangement of which is readily shown in the drawing.

Table Linen.

The smallest family we know of consists of just two, and as at this season very many of these tiny establishments are being set up perhaps a word to the prospective bride of economical tendencies regarding her table linen, may not be altogether out of place.

In this direction a supply larger than is absolutely necessary for every day use is judicious. Using it in turn makes it last much longer than when the entire supply is either on the table or in the wash. Linen wears out much worse in washing than in service.

A canton flannel covering for the table, which also serves as a pad for the cloth, is an absolute necessity. Irish linen is the most expensive quality, but Scotch, though much cheaper, has many pretty, desirable patterns and wears like iron.

Four tablecloths three yards long should be owned by the smallest family. Perhaps this seems a little long for a tiny table, but unless you mean to indulge in the luxury of company linen, you will find three yards none too much when extra leaves have to be added when guests made this additional length a necessity. Three dozen napkins of medium size, or two dozen medium and one dozen extra dinner ones, as you choose, but three dozen in all, are really necessary, for napkins soil much more quickly than tablecloths, and, therefore, the number should be in larger proportion.

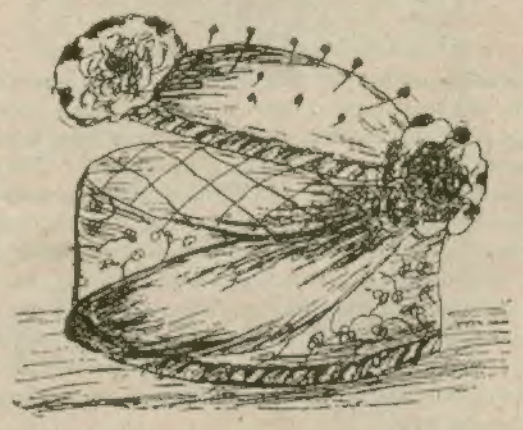
The breakfast and luncheon sets that come in two yards and a half length cloths, and a dozen small napkins to match are very pretty and reasonable, and save the better linen when the family are alone and no elaborate meal is to be served.

One dozen fruit napkins in any pattern the buyer prefers, are as important as the more elegant linen cloths and napkins, for berries, peaches and grapes make very ugly stains on the pure white surfaces, and the young housekeeper will find the gay little colored squares made for this purpose a rare saving of money and expense. Drawn work, deep fringing and monograms or initals done in white are stylish forms of decoration for borders and corners of table linen.

The extras for the table include centre pieces, carving and tea cloths and the finger bowl doilies. Of these you can have as many or as few as you like, according to the time you and your friends have to spare in order to decorate them with the fine handiwork now so popular.

These last are the luxuries in table linen, but the former articles must be had in every household where dainty but inexpensive drapery makes of the dining table a feast for the eye as well as a pleasure for the palate.

NO. 1.



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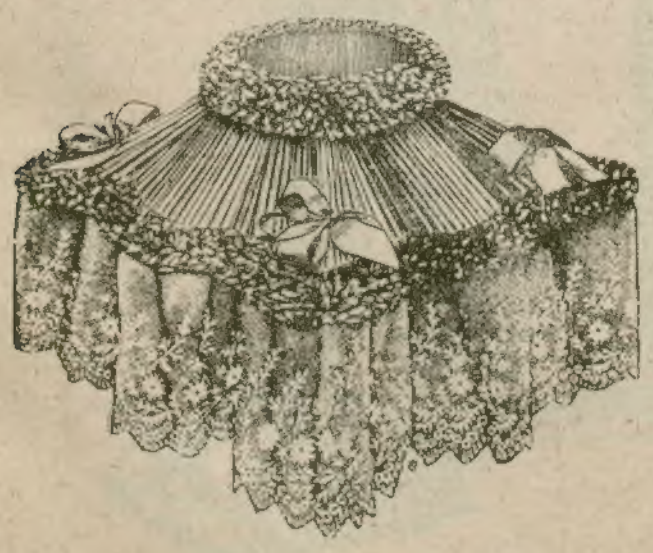


LAMP SHADE.

How to Re-Gild Chairs.

In re-gilding a chair it must first be washed very carefully with white soap and warm water, rubbing it well, and seeing that all stains are removed. When perfectly dry, every part that requires gilding is to receive a coating of Japan gold size put on with a medium sized camel's hair brush. Should any portion to be gilded be left unsized, the gold, of course, will not adhere. When the size has become tacky, which will be in two or three minutes, the gold leaf is laid on, but if this is done too early the gold will show a mat surface. Having slightly warmed the gold leaf, take a sheet of paper that has been well waxed on one side and pick up a gold leaf with the edge of the waxed surface and lay it flat on the seat, blowing it gently to make it settle down. Continue to lay on the leaves this way, always making them overlay each other at the edges until the seat is covered. Then cut a sheet of gold leaf in small pieces and lay one of these on wherever the gold looks thin, or has broken or does not cover. Next press the gold with a small pad of cotton wool, gently and firm all over, rubbing away the pieces that do not adhere, and flattening the whole surface. A clean dry camel's hair brush will help to take off gold that has not adhered. Follow out the same process with other parts of the chair. The gilding finished, make some clear size by cutting vellum shavings small, putting them in a glazed earthen dish and covering them with water. The dish is then to be covered and set in the oven until the shavings are quite soft. Strain the shavings from the water and leave it to get cold, when it will be in a jellied state. Lay a coat of this upon the chair, and next day varnish the gilding with white spirit varnish.

PHOTOS may be prettily framed by covering cardboard to fit the picture, covering the frame with artificial flowers or tiny loops of baby ribbon; ribbon may also be puffed around the frame.

SPRAYS of flowers worked in the Dresden china patterns on squares of fine linen are nice for d'oyleys. Pansies or great leaves of linen are used for finger bowl d'oyleys and are button holed deeply with silk.

STOVE or fire screens can be beautifully made of paper. An enormous horseshoe, with leather nails, is filled in with crepe paper of a soft shade of green, and over this are long bulrush leaves in dull green and a few brown bulrushes; a full ruching of paper surrounds this unique screen.

NO. 3.

FAN photo frames are not new but their beauty consists in the fact that they are easily made at home; the Chinese grass fans with a color interwoven are nice; fasten two of them together with strong stitches which conceal with a bow of ribbon and bring the handles securely together by tying with ribbon; to make the fans firmer take a thin strip of wood or cardboard and fasten across the back of the twin fans; take the photographs and attach one in the centre of each fan securing firmly at the corners and put tiny bows at each corner; hang to the wall by ribbon.

In The Garden.

"A bit of heaven on earth."

The Editor of this Department will be pleased to receive suggestions and contributions from those interested in gardening.

La France Roses.

Perhaps there is no rose that comes nearer to the heart of the grower than this well known variety, so beautiful in bud and with its delicious perfume. To be able to grow and winter this rose in the open ground is the pride of all rose growers, especially when the plant has been raised from the reed of a Tea rose. We are never certain of finding it alive in the spring, although on well-drained soil plants have been known to live for years. But no one who has grown it successfully will care to give it up for the loss of a plant, for it is a constant bloomer and will pay for itself the first season. For a wonder it seems to thrive well on the manetti as a stock. A number of sports of this variety have been placed on the market, but none have proved equal to the old variety. The Duchess of Albany was claimed of a deeper color, and the newer introduction described as a white La Franced was named Augustine Guinoisseau. Some of our growers class La France with the hybrid perpetuals, but on account of its tenderness it seems to partake more of the tea blood, and should be classed with the hybrid teas. No rose garden is complete without this variety, which is sure to make friends with the grower.

THE CANNA.

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

"Prince Little Boy."

To conform to the present style, little boys go almost directly from their pretty white dresses into pants. The intermediate state of kilt skirts, to lenghten out the days of baby-sweetness, is so brief that it avails little in reconciling mothers to the final surrender. The knee-pants are very short, and the skirts of soft china silk fall loosely at the waist. Fancy jackets and coats, to be worn over them, offer some compensation by their beauty, but such a decided innovation does not inspire confidence for the future.

The "best or dress-up suit for these same little men is of velvet, or velveteen, the pants short and buttoned at the knee. A silk blouse-skirt is worn under the coat and is finished with broad collar, and cuffs which turn over on the outside. The coat is short, falling open from the throat, and is richly braided. Ties are of soft silk (frequently white, or cream), and carelessly tied under the collar, in wide bow. Suits are also made from corduroy or light cloths, but all are trimmed with braids, or bindings, etc. Sashes (to match the ties) knotted and the ends falling at the left side, are worn by very little boys. Whatever the suit (unless it be fancy dress, for page at wedding, etc.), the hose are always black.

Nothing takes the place of the sailor-suit, for "rough and tumble," affording freedom of motion and adapted to out-of-door sports that all boys delight in. These suits are much prettier than formerly, with great variety in the striped shirts and collars, worn under the blouses to relieve them. Boys greatly prefer fun to fine clothes, and enforced martyrdom in that direction does not improve health or temper in "a real, live boy," which, after all is the only kind worth having.

Summer Blouses.

Blouses and shirts now form an indispensible portion of every lady's summer outfit, and no more popular article of woman's wearing apparel can be found. This popularity is due to more than one reason. In the first place these garments give a looseness, coolness and sense of comfort and freedom to the wearer that no other form of bodice does. Secondly, and what is even of primary consideration to many is the cheapness and facility with which they can be made, home-made blouses being often quite as stylish and effective in appearance as any other. For the past three or four weeks we have been reproducing sketches of the latest styles in these garments, and this week we issue three more. No. 1 is used as a tea jacket or indoor blouse. It was made in soft cream-colored flannel, embroidered with a tiny pattern in blue and red silk. It is edged with a pinked-out ruche, which also outlines the front neck and sleeves.

No. 2 is a very serviceable blouse, easy to make and get up, the one we noticed being in a pretty shade of grey-blue, the floral pattern being in white. This is a most useful form for everyday use, at the same time giving a good appearance.

No. 3 is also one of the garments made for use more than show, and is in white zephyr with pattern in pink, a pleated frill in front and turn down collar. This, when worn with a large tie, as shown in the sketch, has a very pleasant effect. The materials used in making up these blouses and shirts are very varied, but, of course, are of a light description. To wear under boating jackets nothing is better than ordinary print, but to those who can afford the additional expense the lighter makes of silk give a richness to the garment that no other material can give. Pongee silk is much used, and has the merit of lowness in price to recommend it. Flannel is also common, and for athletic ladies who do much in the way of rowing, tennis, etc., we can recommend no better material.

NO. 2.

NO. 1.

Summer Tweed Dresses.

There are not two opinions in the world of fashion as to the neatness and smartness of a well-made tweed gown for summer wear, always provided, of course, that the colors of the material are fresh and pretty. Especially when arranged to wear with silk or cotton blouses and an open coat, and when provided with a vest of its own material for the cool, dull days, which are sure to come with every summer, a neat, tweed frock will be found very necessary for immediate use. At the same time nothing in the way of a dress looks worse than a badly fitting tweed gown, and all ladies who value their appearance will see that the style in which the dress is made is irreproachable, and this we may add can only be secured by going to a ladies' tailor for these garments. There are many new materials in the tweeds this season. One of the newest and prettiest I have seen has been a brocaded woollen, in which floral or other patterns are actually woven in the material, much as is the case in a brocaded silk. No amount of wet or wear can possibly injure this material, which at the same time has a much prettier appearance than the ordinary plain tweeds. Silk is much used also this year woven in with the woollen in the material and I saw a very handsome dress a few days since in which gold braid was woven in, not placed upon the material, and which gave an almost ultra richness to the appearance of the gown. I like the silks woven in better, they add a peculiar softness to the appearance and make the material look more pliant and less stiff than the ordinary tweeds. The plaids are not so much in vogue as they were last season, but still many are being used, more especially for rough-holiday wear.

Bathing Suits.

The most becoming bathing suits are of Jersey webbing in either wool or silk; they come in dark blue with red or white stripes about the neck and bottom of the skirt, and in white, red or black, banded with a contrasting color; the waist and trousers are in one, and upon this the waist is buttoned and the stocking drawn up over the knee.

Dressier suits are of flannel of a dark color with collar and bands of figured French flannel; a sash is wound about the waist with worsted tassels.

Brilliantine makes excellent bathing suits as it does not hold the water.

Silk is fashionable but the taffeta and not the India silk should be chosen as the latter clings too closely to the figure.

Most of the suits are cut with round necks and are sleeveless or with very short sleeves.

Bridesmaids Hats

The brides-elect among my correspondents so frequently ask my advice as to suitable hats for bridesmaids, that I am sure they will be interested to hear of some very pretty hats, which will be worn at a fashionable wedding during the present month. The hats are rather large, and very picturesque in shape, being made of white

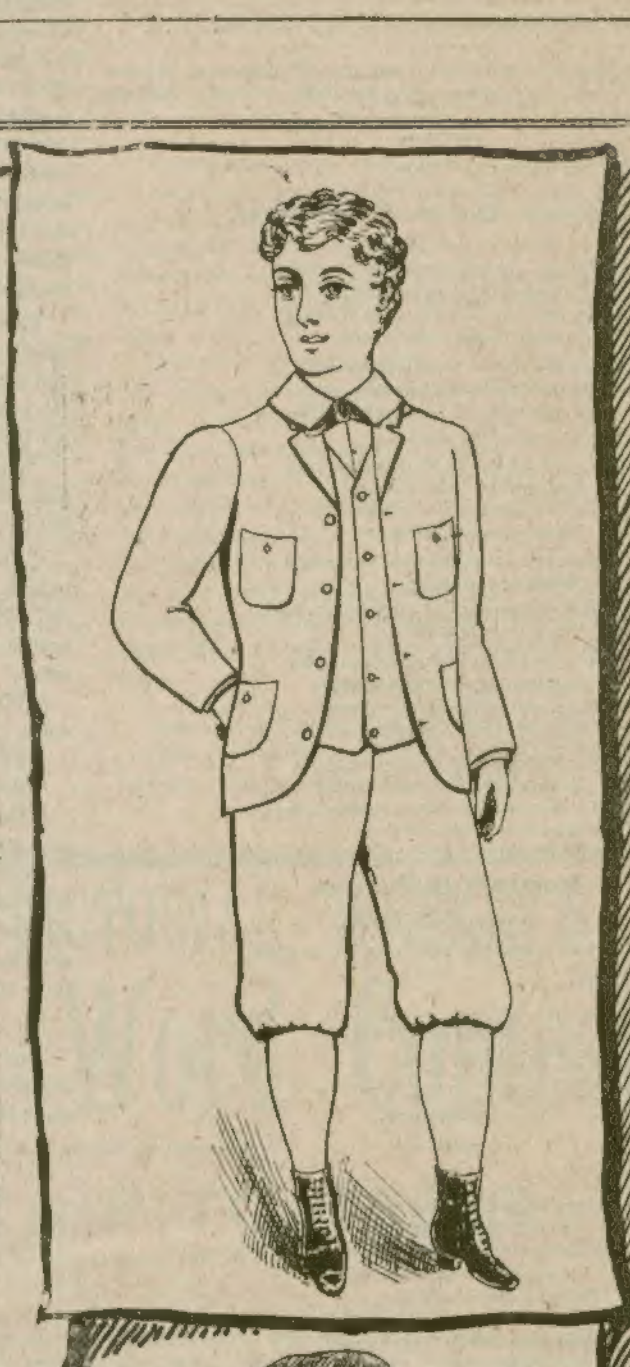
NO. 3.

point d' esprit net drawn over a frame work of gold wires, and quite transparent in effect. The gown, which is almost flat, is smartly trimmed with long French bows of white ribbon, and clusters of *gloire de Dijon* roses, surrounded by wonderfully natural-looking foliage.

Children's Costumes.

We publish on page 393 a few sketches of the latest styles in children's costumes shown by the W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Company, of Hamilton. This firm, while making all kinds of men's, youths' and children's clothing, form a speciality of the latter department, and nowhere in the Dominion will be found a greater variety of make and style. The firm is an extensive one in fact, the most extensive one in Canada, employing over 1,500 people, and covering with their sixteen travelers the whole ground from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and having branches at Winnipeg, Victoria and Toronto. The latter branch will shortly be removed from the present position on Wellington street to large and commodious premises in the Merchants Building, Bay street. Senator Sanford, whom to mention is to know, is the president of this enterprising company.

FASHIONABLE TEA-GOWN.



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES

AT THE

W. A. SANFORD MANUFACTURING CO'S

In The Play Room.

"Be good and let who will be clever."—Kingsley.

[Questions, replies and communications on all subjects of interest to or from the children are cordially invited. Address HAZELKIRK.]

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Nobody Knows But Mother.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother,
Nobody's pained by naughty blows
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender care
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another,
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love,
Nobody can—but mother.

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

QUEER QUERRIES FOR THE QUIZZICAL.

I.—A cannon.

II.—A clock.

BURIED TOWNS.

III.—1. Bedford. 2. York.

Puzzles.

I. CHARADE:

There's a sweet little dell
Clad in tenderest green,
Where a soft rippling brook
Flows green rushes between.
'Tis the haunt of my *first*,
And the home of my *whole*,
While the sound of my *second*
Above it doth roll.

The tall ferns bend over
My *first's* timid head,
As he nestles secure in
His soft mossy bed.
My *second* at intervals
Falls on the ear,
And blends with the sound
Of the brook singing clear,

While my *whole* dwells there ever,
And lifts her slight form
Secure from the ravage
Of wind or of storm.
She's the nymph of the spot,
And the brook thinks so too,
As it mirrors her form
With its cup of pale blue.

An Hour With the Children.

WALTER C.—The seven wonders of the world are: The Pyramids of Egypt; Pharos of Alexandria; Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Statue of the Olympian Jupiter; Mansoleum of Artemisia and Colossus of Rhodes.

MINNIE B. M.—The palest of pink or blue may be worn with your white shepherds dress.

ETHEL.—You are right in persuading your young brother not to use liquor nor tobacco, as you put it. He is a good boy, I should say, to take the advice of his sister; you might call his attention to the following lines:

Never let tobacco steal your health away;
Active, pure and cleanly keep your life for aye;
Let your mind be steadfast, let your strength be shown,
Shun the drink and smoking; leave them both alone.

Pink and Puss and Pitto.

Three Little Mischiefs.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

(*Continued from last week.*)

"What do you think it is, pet?" Rose asked.

"Oh, somefin' awful pretty, a gold watch, or a silver angel like Cousin Kate's for your watch chain, or, oh maybe a diamond ring!"

Rose laughed again, and now the box was undone, the lid was sprung open. "Oh!" cried Pink, impatiently. "Let me see quick!"

It must be something very wonderful indeed. Rose looked so amazed, and how red she got, then some other expression than surprise came to her face.

"Pinkie, I want you," called Mrs. Carewe, interrupting for the second time. And Pinkie ran pell mell out to do her bidding, that she might get back as quickly as possible. When she returned Rose was gone and the box and lid lay on the floor. Puss was knocking at them with a lazy paw; he was chewing something, too. Chewing it with a perplexed and astonished sort of air, as if it were not quite as nice as it might have been. He stopped presently to claw frantically at his jaws. Then he sat up and looked miserably wretched. He didn't take any interest in Pink's disappointed wail of, "Oh, that mean Rose! She's taken whatever was in the box away with her." In fact Pussy Boots had no thought for anything outside of himself, just then. When Pink looked around for consolation she gave an anguished little scream. Her darling Pussy Boots had heeled over on the carpet, and was kicking like a murdered innocent.

Then there was a hullabaloo! For a couple of hours you couldn't hardly have told which was in the greatest agony, Pink or her pet. But cats pull through where dogs would die, and as Rose sat writing at her desk, a little later in the afternoon, she was visited by her little sister, and informed that the dear kitty was better.

"Next time an old monkey comes around and scares my cat nearly to death, I'll just—" the consequences were not mentioned, but the fire in Pink's blue eyes was awful to behold.

"Are you thanking Mr. Riffraffer for your present?" she inquired, seeing Rose folding up her note and addressing an envelope to C. Herbert, Rypheiffer. She often wondered how Rose could spell it so quickly and easily, it was such a dreadful name. "Riffraffer," was as near as she could take time to get to it.

"Where is the box?" Rose asked her, in a very cold, quiet voice.

"I tied it all up again," Pink said, after she had brought it.

"With just what was in it when you found it?"

"Yes," Pink told her, pouting. "I didn't think it was very nice if that was all that was in it."

Rose didn't take the hint and show the curious little girl the contents of the box, however, and Pink went away presently for another look at her precious cat, who reclined before the kitchen fire; so she didn't see Rose wrapping up the box and stamping it to go to the post office with the letter.

CHAPTER II.

Pink and Pussy Boots and Gertrude Gladys were all playing together up in the attic. At least Pink was playing. Pussy sat up in the window and blinked his topaz eyes at Gertrude Gladys,

"JACK."

and G. G. started back in calm serenity. The window was open, but puss only looked off to the near house roofs occasionally. He was contented where he was. Even when Pink came to the window sill for the doll and took it down to undergo a complete change of costume, he looked in, unalarmed. Pink was talking to him all the time, besides, and it would not be manners to leave till she got through.

"You know, Pussy Boots," she said, "when I named this precious child I thought I had given her the prettiest name ever was, but when I heard that little beggar girl's name—oh, dear! That's what we're getting ready for another christening, for I'm going to have her called over again. I think you'd better be titivating up a bit yourself. You might put on your satin dress, if you please."

Pussy Boots didn't pay any attention to this suggestion. He looked as if he disdained such common thoughts as dress. So when Pink had robed Gertrude Gladys in folds of white lawn and lace she laid her down and went for her other charge.

"No use kicking!" she said severely. "If you will not fix yourself up I'll have to do it for you." And she actually got a rag and commenced dipping it into the tiny wash-bowl on her doll's washstand. His catship drew the line at a bath and squirmed so vigorously that Pink had to let him go.

"You are a very bad, naughty cat," Pink scolded. "I shall punish you by making you carry Gertrude Gladys' extra wraps in this little basket around your neck."

And so saying she once more caught her kitty and fastened a little basket by a ribbon under his white chin. She only had time to stuff a miniature shawl into the basket, when Pussy Boots bounded up on the window-sill again and off he went to the nearest roof. Pink watched him, leaping along from elevation to elevation, finally disappearing behind the turret of the handsomest house in the row. Then she went back to her play, but, somehow, the interest lagged, and she wandered off downstairs to the front doorestep where she sat soberly watching the people passing by.

Rose came along from a journey down town presently. Her fair face was a little pale and quiet looking, but as she neared the door, a bright flush made its appearance. She quickened her pace and tried to get to the steps before the gentleman approaching from the opposite way. But it was a failure and they met right in front of Pink, who didn't know what to think when Rose sailed on past her into the house without one word or look to "Mr. Riffer-raffer."

"Hullos; little Miss Muffet," that gentleman stopped to say, though he looked very sober. "How is Gertrude What's-er-name?"

"I don't call her that any more. It's Hildegarde now, and I was going to have the christening this afternoon only Pussy Boots ran away and I got lonesome.

"That's a nice name—Hildegarde," remarked her friend. Do you know I once had a sister by that name in Austria."

"Did you come from Austria? Why, that's way across the ocean."

"Yes, I used to live there. Didn't you know that?"

"And where's Hildegarde now?"

"I wish I knew. She and my dear mother came out after I did, and we lost one another, I was only a boy and they could not speak English and we missed one another by my meeting their steamer two days too late."

Pink looked at him sympathetically. "Isn't that dreadful! Does Rosie know?"

"Mr. Riffraffer" smiled just a wee bit." "Yes," he answered. "But I guess she doesn't care. Of course I am used to being lonely now."

"And do you live all alone in that big, lovely house?"

"All alone. Why don't you come and see me?"

"Oh, may I? Would Rosie take me do you think?"

"Suppose you ask her. I wanted her to come and live there with me. How would you like me for a brother. But it doesn't matter she won't come."

[Pink looked up disappointedly. "Why?" she asked.

"She doesn't like me well enough. I am going to shut my house up and go home to Austria very soon now, I have some pretty things I would like you to have. Why can't you come around now and get them. Go and ask your mother.

Pink jumped up and disappeared in the house. Mr. Riffraffer sat down on the railing of the steps and whistled softly. He was a very handsome young man. Rose looking down from an upstairs window said it to herself with a sigh. When she saw him and Pink going up the street hand in hand, she added "and as good-hearted and kind as he is handsome—to everyone but me."

(*To be Continued.*)

Hazelkirk

Health Notes.

Oil of peppermint painted over the affected part is an excellent means of relief for neuralgia; but no remedy is so generally useful as hot fomentations.

When a child is threatened with croup, apply a compress of flannel wrung out of hot water, and when it cools somewhat apply it hot again.

Cold water and salt sunffed up, make a good remedy for catarrh.

Severe inflamation from wounds may often be arrested by frequent applications of cold water.

Living Happily With Others.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no need to one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

The Art of Dining.

The art of dining is to have a cheerful disposition at the table as palatable food. A sour, scolding, fault-finding disposition, if kept up long enough, will produce dyspepsia as certainly as wet feet will produce a cold. That mental animation and a mirthful atmosphere are better than drugs to assist a weak stomach to perform its duties, can be shown by the experience of almost every one. It is a well-known fact that when one dines with a company of friends, he oftentimes eats more and richer food than usual, and yet feels no ill effects from it. I have known a person who was accustomed to be regularly distressed three times a day at home, to go to an evening-party at which a late supper was served, and throwing discretion to the winds, enter into the enjoyment of the good things, both mental and material, that his host and hostess had provided, and go home late at night, amazed that he had forgotten that he had such an article as a stomach. I do not mention this to encourage the folly of late suppers or of injudicious eating, even on festive occasions, but to show that the mind has much to do with the function of digestion.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

COUSIN MARY writes such a bright busy letter, with one eye on the frying-pan, where brothers supper is sizzling and one on the paper where she jots down some sensible thoughts. Among others, several ways of spending a pleasant evening, which are wise and good, and the last quite unselfish. I am glad, my dear, that between us, we stirred up those people, and I hope the result will be satisfactory to you; do you know the gentleman you mention makes a very good husband, perhaps not just an ideal, but his wife seems very happy and contented. As I am so far away from the professor just now, you must excuse me from going after him with a pickled rod, but I'll see to him as soon as I come home, and coax him to do as you ask. I hope you will have a description of your home ready for me when I get back. Remember I am keeping my eyes and ears open for pleasant things to tell you. When you read this, I shall probably be sitting on the deck of some large ocean steamer, with water all around as far as the eye can reach, and a little group of merry souls chattering and telling yarns, all around me. I can only tell you what the Literary editor said, "If it suits the paper, I will publish it, if not, why I won't."

DOROTHY, dear, I don't believe I would meddle with those freckles, unless they are very bad. Mine has come back, although Miss Mootes says she will take it off again. Her address is 142½ Yonge street, she has moved from 3 King st east. You can get the freckle remover from her, if you write for it. How are you down in the Royal city. If I had gone across the ocean by a Canadian line, I should have liked you to come down to bid me goodbye. What firm beautiful writing yours is! It looks so strong and true, and I feel I could trust almost anything to the cousin who puts down such letters on paper. Even though one be not a graphologist, I am sure one would admire your writing.

SEVERAL of the cousins have asked me whether I think it is a waste of time to bother with one's complexion, hair and teeth, and how long would I give to the toilette? When I had time I used to love to linger over my daily washing and dressing, to brush my hair till it shone, and polish my nails pink and shining, but now if my face is clean, my hair smooth, my teeth brushed twice a day and my hands not exactly grimy, I am quite reconciled. One thing, girlies, don't ever go out on the street looking less than spick and span. Think how many people you will meet, as you go your errands to shop, or library, or music lesson. Everyone of them who *looks at* you won't have a distinct impression, but everyone who *sees* you will. Say one hundred people notice your missed collar, or fifty mark your unpolished shoes, or twenty turn away from your hastilly pinned up hair, or ten take count of the hole in your glove, or five find out that your hat hasn't been brushed for a week, or one single one is sharp enough to detect some specks of breakfast in the cracks between your teeth, isn't it a great pity and worth a little trouble to avoid?

YOU need not be vain, nor silly, nor over particular, only be scrupulously neat and clean. I was talking with an editor one day about a lady writer and he said "Oh, I can't bear to see her come in my office. She is so slouchy. She always looks as if a cyclone had blown her clothes on, and a zephye would blow them off." Well, that was bad enough, but he went on: "And her face always looks dirty, and her hair untudy," and then he flung down his paper knife, and jumped up with these words, "I don't care how ugly a woman is, so long as she s neat and clean." Water is cheap, water isn't ruinously expensive, it isn't very hard work to wash one's self well, and a plain clean white colar isn't going to break one, but like the editor, I sometimes see people who look as though they did not know or didn't believe these things.

A HARD place to perform one's daily cleansing nicely is at sea. You may laugh, my dears, but water is scarce. Of course, you can have a sea bath every morning, if you like, but sea water isn't nice for one's face, and I don't think much water is good for it anyway. I will tell you how I clean my face on the voyage: Once a day, just after I get up, I wash it; I must, just then, it's so refreshing; I don't put any more water on, but before lunch and dinner I gently rub on a wee bit of Kosmeo Cream, (that is such a clean delicious thing), and when it has well soaked into the skin, I wipe it carefully off with a soft linen or silk handkerchief. A faint dust of some harmless powder, just in case I might grow shiny, and Cousin Ruth looks fresh and clean and wholesome. My skin doesn't get chapped in the wind, nor rough nor dry, the Kosmeo Cream seems to feed and nourish it. It takes off wind burn, and sea-burn and sun-burn, and no one who has once enjoyed it can fail to like it well.

Now Cora, you from New York, what do you mean by making me cry? I don't know just how it was, girls, but when I read Cora's last letter, two big tears came from somewhere, and splashed down on it. Cora has written a most lovely poem about a little half-finished wee baby stocking, and I thought that it was so sad and sweet, that the baby has gone where, on the golden streets, where there is nothing that defileth, and so the stocking was not needed. Well, I was wrong; far wrong and short of the truth, so Cora says. Listen; "Often times have I taken that unfinished stocking with its dainty seam of white and the narrow stripes of white and blue with the rusted needles, but 'tis not of little feet which it was meant that the fragment oftenest speaks to me, for no little feet that came to our home have wandered through the churchyard gate. They have all stayed and grown and gone only to other homes, but the hands that knit the fragment grew too tired to work any more and left their tasks for 'her girls' to do, and much do I fear that many a one is like the stocking, all unfinished yet." That was what Cora said, girls, in her grave sweet way, and it brings tears to my eyes again. Oh! the dear good mothers, both those in heaven on earth; the working hands, and the loving hearts, and the praying lips, that are given gladly in the service of us girls, until some day God sends the angels for them to bring them home! Be good to them, you who still have them, girls, for some day they will leave you to go above, and you will only have the comfort you want, if you can feel that you were helpful, loving and dutiful to them here. Good-bye, dear ones all. Your loving,

Cousin Ruth

Culinary.

"Every thing great is composed of many things that are small."—LATIN PROVERB.

Daisy Cake.

Separate four eggs; beat the yolks until creamy; add one cup of sugar gradually; beat until very light; now add a quarter of a cup of butter beaten to a cream; add a half cup of milk, a teaspoonful of vanilla; stir in one and a half cups of flour; add two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix thoroughly and bake in layers This, of course, is for the yellow part; now for the white.

Beat a half cup of butter to a cream; add gradually one and one-half cups of sugar, then stir in the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Add gradually one cup of lukewarm water and then two and a half cups of flour; after the flour is added, beat continually for five minutes until the batter is perfectly smooth; add the juice and rind of one lemon, an even teaspoonful of baking-powder, and bake in layers. Make an ordinary boiled-icing filling, and, if you like, flavor with orange; put the layers together, alternating yellow and white, with this icing; ice the top, with orange icing, color it of course, by adding the grated rind. Make a perfectly plain, soft, white icing, and with a pastry tube decorate it in the form of a daisy.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR—How old are you, my little girl?

Little girl—If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare, and to keep my own statistics.

THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY'S
Last Prize Word Contest.

A FREE TRIP TO PARIS.

(With all expenses for a six weeks sojourn in that city (not to exceed $400)

The Publishers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY will give a first class cabin passage to Paris and return with all expenses for a six weeks sojourn in that city, (or its equivalent in cash not to exceed $400), to the person sending them the largest number of words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the three words "LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY."

To the person sending next to the largest list will be given

AN ELEGANT UPRIGHT PIANO,

(Valued at $300.)

To the person sending the third largest list will be given in cash

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

To the person sending the fourth largest list will be given

A COMPLETE PONY, CART AND HARNESS.

(VALUED AT $150.00.)

To the person sending the fifth largest list will be given

FIFTY DOLLARS IN CASH.

A committee consisting of five teachers from Public Schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the judges in the award of prizes.

Additional Prizes to be Awarded in Order of Merit.

Three Ladies' Gold Watches, three Ladies' Coin Silver Watches, two French Music Boxes, two complete China Dinner Sets, (consisting of over sixty pieces each), three Silk Dress Patterns and one French Mantel Clock.

A HANDSOME PRIZE of value will be given to **every person** who sends in **one hundred words** or over in this our *last word competition*

RULES:

1. Lists are to contain English and Anglicised words *only* of not less than four *letters* each.
2. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it appears in **Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.**
3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed in either singular or plural, but not in both numbers, and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed by themselves, but can be used in the construction of a complete word.
7. The main part *only* of Worcester's or Webster's Dictionaries may be used as the *governing* authority.

Each list must contain name of person sending same with full post office address and *number of words contained therein*, and be accompanied with fifty cents for a two months' trial subscription to the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, Canada's high-class illustrated newspaper for ladies.

The subscription price of fifty cents must accompany list of words. *Do not send in separate enclosure.* If two or more tie on the largest list, the one bearing the earliest postmark will receive the first prize, and the next the second prize.

The complete number of words intended for the competition must be forwarded *at one time.* No alterations or additions to the list can be made after it has been sent to us On account of the extra work involved in these competitions, it is impossible for the publishers to enter into personal correspondence concerning the competition or rules thereof. All lists must be mailed on or before September 1st, 1892. The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular and finely illustrated journal into new homes, and every prize-winner must subscribe for a year before their prize is forwarded. There will be no charge made for boxing and packing prizes. Present subscribers can enter this competition only by enclosing fifty cents for a two months' trial subscription, which will be sent to any address desired. Prizes awarded in the United States will be forwarded free of customs duty. The publishers desire to announce to the public that this will *positively be their last word competition* Prizes will be awarded September 10, 1892, and names and addresses of winners will be published in our publication Address, enclosing postoffice money order, or express money order, for fifty cents to LADIES' PICTORIAL COMPANY, TORONTO, CANADA.

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, June 9th, 1892.

Of course this week the great point of interest is the drawing-rooms. To the very last there were some who believed the Queen would really be present after all; but alas! how many were the disappointed hopes, especially among the *debutantes*; for, of course, a presentation to a princess, however amiable and popular, cannot be the same as to her Majesty. The Queen, too, has a most reassuring manner towards the *debutantes*; she is exceedingly particular that the presentation gown should be "just right," the feathers just in the right place, the train just sufficiently long, and the bodice cut on the correct principles; but she is very indulgent to youthful timidity and nervousness. The presentation this year included many beautiful brides and young girls. I had hoped to have sent you one or two sketches and descriptions of some of the court dresses, but fear they will not be finished in time for this letter, so look for them next week. There have been two *levees* held this week also, the first by the Duke of Edinburgh at St. James's Palace, which was quite crowded, and, of course, the naval element predominated, out of compliment to the Duke. The second *levee* was held by the Duke of Connaught, and here scarlet uniforms were in the ascendant. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are particularly busy people just now; they have been staying at Buckingham Palace, and have been, in fact, the only available royalties for all sorts of functions. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family are to be present at the celebration of the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark on May 25th. The festivities will commence on the 24th, when the royal family will attend divine service in their private chapel. In the evening there will be a grand banquet in the palace, and the golden wedding-day will be ushered in by the singing of the choral societies of Copenhagen, assembled in front of the palace. The festivities are to continue for some days, but our Prince and Princess and their family will not be present at any of the grand banquets etc., as they are in such deep mourning. One of the presents to be given to the King and Queen of Denmark is quite a family affair, being the joint gift of the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Czar and Czarina. It is a very large bronze figure of Denmark, mounted on a granite pedestal, around which is a row of bas-relief portraits of the fifty-one members, children and grandchildren of the King and Queen. Is it not a strange fact that out of all this group, only one is dead, the Duke of Clarence? Of course his portrait will be found among the rest, the sketch was taken before his death. This statue is to adorn one of the principal squares in Copenhagen. Of course curiosity is still on the *qui vive* as to the rumored engagement of Prince George. Many of our leading papers are not slow in announcing that they have it on the most reliable authority, that after all Princess Mary will be his bride; they further say that the wedding will not take place until next year, and that the engagement will not be made public until August although it is already a settled thing. From this I gather we must go on conjecturing for some time longer. I must confess that I wish the rumor may not prove true. I am too romantic and sentimental, you will say. Well, be it so. I will try and remember that it is "a most appropriate arrangement in the interests of the country, as well as the parties themselves," moreover, royal marriages are not quite as other marriages. Did I ever tell you about Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." at the Lyceum? You know the play is a favorite of mine, and one which I can see with pleasure over and over again. It is needless to say anything about the gorgeous dresses, scenery, the dances and music, &c., for no one knows better than Mr. Irving how to stage a play. What took my fancy most was the scene of the narrow old street in Westminster, where the quaint, gabled houses, (real houses they were with wooden galleries) are filled with spectators awaiting the new queen. And when the procession came what a splendid one it was? and poor Anne Boleyn in her gorgeous canopy, bowing and smiling right and left. The costumes are charming, and so historically true. I could not help wishing our gentlemen of the present day would present such a brave appearance as did those of the days of "Bluff King Hal." The costumes of the fair dames were also very picturesque, especially the caps or head dresses. Some of Ellen Terry's gowns were splendid; one was a trained robe of rich purple brocade, with enormously long pointed over sleeves of dark fur'; she looked most charming in the death scene when her costume is white brocade and ermine. You will think me very heterodox when I say that Mr. Irving is not my favorite actor; of course no one can equal him in histrionic talent, but I should like to be able to forget when I see him in different characters that it is Mr. Irving who is acting. On the whole Mr. Irving does not represent Wolsey quite as I had portrayed him to myself when reading the play, he is too subtle and guileful, too calculating; there is more
' the Italian than the English about him. I think Queen
'ne's must be a most trying part, but certainly Miss Ellen
' it to perfection. She was most pathetic and dignified.
' a capital Henry VIII., so handsome, so bluster-
'-rtson's Buckingham I enjoyed as much as
' in my opinion it was faultless; the
- is one of the most pathetic in the
Mr. Robertson portrayed in
Now that the drawing-
'vities to begin in
, of gaiety. The
are the treats pro-
ost delightful enter-
and young. I mean
nd gymnastic displays
al river, twenty-five feet
wide, which is rapidly bridged by real war pontoons, and the bridge is most successfully traversed by cavalry, guns and heavy wagons. I expect you will see the jubilee number of the *Illustrated London News*, it is most interesting, and among other things I was amused by the little illustration of the "Parliament of Ladies, 1644." The *Illustrated London News* was started in 1842 by Mr. Ingram, and I am sure we all wish it "Many Happy Returns of the Day." Some charming "tableaux vivants" have been got up just lately in aid of the Royal School of Art Needlework. I think the idea worthy of note as it is quite original. There are to be nine tableaux, all illustrative on the history of needlework. I am sorry I cannot do more than mention them as press of engagements prevented my being present.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has just brought out a new and cheaper edition of "David Grieve." What a fortunate woman she has been. I have just heard of the large sums she has been paid for this David Grieve. The American publishers paid £8,000 and the English publishers a royalty of something like £2,000, £1,000 for one book. That is satisfactory, and certainly Mrs. Humphrey Ward is to be congratulated, I wonder how many of our best authors have been equally fortunate. I have just been reading of a rather pretty idea which has recently been carried out at a bazaar in Dublin. It was interesting as the first performance of musical whist with living cards ever held in the United Kingdom. The cards entered in procession, the court cards were undertaken by members of the Dublin Club of Swing Chess, and the smaller cards were represented by children. The dresses of the court cards were very artistic and original, while the children were dressed in blue with cards two feet long, as shields, hung round their necks. After marching into the room, the cards performed sundry manœuvres representing shuffling, dealing and cutting, they then took their places in front of the players. A bugle sounded and they sorted themselves into suits. A lively air was played by the band while tricks were played, each card walking into the centre when called by the player; on the conclusion of each trick the winning card led the others to the side of the winner, where they remained till the end of each game, when the winners led off the cards on the losing side, a grand procession followed and the pack retired to the tune of a lively march. It is altogether such a charming idea that I am sure it will become very popular for bazaras, etc. I must just mention a charming book which you must read if you can, it is Mrs. Augustus Salas' "Famous People I Have Met," the portraits are most cleverly drawn and to each is appended a *fac simile* letter of the subject of the portrait. According to promise I will, this week, give you one or two recipes for summer cookery. My first is a way to use up cold meat; Butter a mould and arrange slices of cucumber at the top and sides, then put thin slices of cold roast veal (or lamb), bacon or ham and hardboiled eggs. Season each layer with pepper, salt and finely chopped parsley. Fill the mould with good clear gravy in which some gelatine has been dissolved (half an ounce to half a pint of gravy). When the mound is set turn out and garnish with parsley. The following mayonnaise is very good: Arrange any kind of cold fish with a good sized lettuce, cut up some slices of cucumber, beetroot and any scraps of cooked cauliflower, asparagrass or French beans. Make a dressing by mixing the yolks of two raw eggs smooth with two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a tablespoonful of cream, half a teaspoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful each of malt, chili and tarragon vinegars, a very little sugar and salt and pepper to taste. Pour over the fish, etc., and garnish with gherkins and hard-boiled eggs.

Annie Vaughan

Fashionable Hair for the Fall.

"Reddish-brown hair will be worn this fall," said the proprietress of a Baltimore hair-dressing establishment whose opinions are regarded as decrees.

Glossy, well-groomed braids of a rich reddish-brown color will be coiled around the shapely heads of Baltimore women who wish to be in fashion, says the *Sun* of that city. Bleached hair is entirely out of favor, and with it all the dry, chippy, straggly effects that have been popular so long. A sort of varnish has been prepared which will bring the color of the blonde locks back to the desired color. The liquid is put on with a small brush, drawn across a few strands at a time from the roots to the ends. The day after the varnish is put on the hair is washed, and the color is then permanent, or at least for so long as Dame Fashion decrees that reddish-brown is to be the favorite color.

The hair itself is to be the most beautiful thing in this season's styles. Smooth as satin it must be, and as glossy, showing in its sleekness the careful grooming it has received. The chatelaine braid is one of the most attractive styles for this fall, and is likely to be most popular, as it shows the beauty of the hair and admits of the use of many fancy pins. To arrange the chatelaine braid the hair is drawn to the back of the head, either smooth or slightly waved, as best suits the face beneath. Four plaits are made, which are coiled around the back of the head from the nape of the neck nearly to the front hair, and fastened with shell pins. The shape of the head is clearly defined by this dressing.

The fluffy bang is cut straight across the forehead, and but slightly curled. The pointed bang has long been in disfavor, both because of its hideousness and general unbecomingness. The hair back of the bang is slightly full and drawn softly back, showing the parting, and showing clearly that the bang is cut and not a laid on one.

All the styles this fall will require a greater supply of hair than is possessed by women not specially blessed by nature, and it is very likely that a great deal of false hair will be worn.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. *Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.*

NEBO.—For an Alpine trip you will need winter clothing, light woolen and probably furs. You can get Alpenstock shoes and knapsacks over there.

MODISTE.—I dare say there is a good opening in Toronto if you are a master workman. Poor workers get poor patronage. Your rooms would cost anywhere from twenty to fifty dollars a month, according to location and size. I should prefer two small ones to one large one, if they are to be heated for you.

MADELINE.—Cousin Ruth desires me to tell you that she could not answer your questions, as she does not discuss those matters, and knows nothing about the business of the air.

STEWARD.—If you are refused a ticket, there must be some reason. Do you know any member of the club, he might secure a membership for you. According to your story, there was no reason why he should refuse you that I can see.

DISTRESS.—I cannot advise you on the matter. I think I should go to a first-class physician if I were you. A few dollars now may save a good many hereafter. I cannot give doctor's addresses in this column, but any resident can tell you the leading ladies' physician in our city. Board and treatment at the hospital in a ward with several others costs between two or three dollars a week, two eighty I think. You have to pay extra for dainties, and you will have to submit to all rules as to visitors etc. If you have a private ward, you have several privileges, and can be very quiet.

CORPUS.—The Jenness-Miller gowns are made in New York. You can get the patterns by writing. The address is 14th street. I have forgotten the number.

An Ideal Husband.

101. My Ideal Husband must be tall, dark, erect and finely proportioned, and endowed with perfect health. Mind well balanced, full of noble resolves and high aspirations, good reasoning powers, with a will strong to govern for good. He must be a man to be respected and esteemed, that love founded on such a good foundation may be deepened; upheld by the attachments we feel to purity of mind, goodness of heart and excellence of understanding. With plenty of stamen and endurance to challenge worldly wrong and injustice. Finally, fond of his wife's companionship and his cheerful fireside above all else.

102. My Ideal Husband should be a Christian, who serves God in love not in fear. One who takes for his example, "The only perfect man, Jesus the Christ." The life will be good, pure, noble and upright. He will develop and polish every faculty of his being to the last degree. A gentle, affectionate, refined nature takes the place of haughtiness and fault-finding. Such a man will draw his wife up to his high standard, and would be a pleasure to "love, honor and obey." The future generation would be healthier, hence happier, by such an "Ideal Husband."

103. A man of character, intelligence, fine physique and sound sense. An energetic, practical business man. One who loves his wife even as Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it.

Discard White Skirts.

There is nothing that looks more plebeian at this stage of the fashionable game than a white skirt. It really has no more charm than a white stocking, yet how some women cling to it! In these days of black silk nothing can be worse than a glimpse of a white embroidered or lace-trimmed skirt. Especially in this city, where there is so much necessity of raising the dress, are these dust-colored skirts anything but beautiful. More than all, they are conspicuous. A dress raised showing a black silk skirt trimmed with a deep flounce of lace is scarcely noticed.

The daintiest style ever known in underclothing is in vogue at present and will see a long reign. India and China silks are the proper materials, being light, clean, easily laundered, dainty, and in every way desirable. Four suits of this will outwear a dozen lace-trimmed muslins, and are neater than anything ever before worn. One of the trials of warm weather is the crocking of black stockings. This can be remedied by dipping them when new and before they are worn at all into salt water.

Ladies Who Wear Red Veils.

Vivid red shades in veils make a pretty face look like a badly painted sunset, which obliterates all lines; even mild eyes glare with a wickedness that does not come from within.

I don't think red is well worn when it is draped across the face, nor is a red chiffon tie quite in harmony with a wind-reddened nose, or the beautiful blue blood which settles in the lips of some women in winter-time.

Did you ever notice how much you measure other people by your own self? Of course it is an old story—sympathy comes warmer from the heart which is indeed a fellow in feeling, and so does criticism. Did you ever limp for a day or two, and find yourself surprised at the unguessed number of people who limp every day?

Did you ever cough, and count coughs in church, and, I was going to say, at a concert. But you wouldn't go to a concert with a cough, would you?

Did you ever have a darn in your dress, and discover that many other women wore darned gowns, too?

It is one of the faults that make us women—to be so engrossed in our little lives and in our little selves that we see people oftener through our circumstances, and pity, blame or applaud them because we understand their lives through our own.

A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of **PEARLIFOAM,** THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome **Gold Watch** to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTEL CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of **Pearlifoam,** before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked *first* which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the *first* prize, the balance in order as received. For the *last* correct answer we will also give a handsome **Gold Watch;** to the next to the last a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a SILK DRESS PATTERN; to the sixth a pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the seventh an elegant MANTEL CLOCK, *and a valuable prize will also be given to* **every person** *who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly* until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce **Pearlifoam.** Our prizes are entirely FREE. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to **Pearlifoam,** which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of $100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used **Pearlifoam** cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

Pearlifoam is sent by mail postpaid. Prizes in the above Portrait Rebus are to be carefully awarded strictly as deserved. Address, **EXQUISITE TOILET MFG. CO., 170 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.**

Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

The Over-Devoted Hostess.

If it is true that you never thoroughly know your women friends till they come to stay in your house, it is likewise undeniable that even a friend of your bosom will develop undreamed of domestic virtues and vices when you become the recipent of her hospiiality.

We all know of houses where any desire for privacy on the part of the guest meets with no recognition—where, for instance, one is invaded the first thing in the morning, and kept shivering for five or ten minutes on the brink of one's bath. In a house of this sort the taking up of a book is regarded as a personal slight, and even one's letters are written under protest. Life is full of compensations, however, and an occasional visit to a friend who is a regular *bon comrade* atones for many social vexations. This type of women seems to fit in with each guests particular corners, and in her presence one feels that only the best side of one's nature is visible.—*Ex.*

About Men.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

The lazy man aims at nothing and generally hits it.

It was once believed that hares changed their sex every year.

TEACHER—Your answer to the problem about two men building a fence calls for six days too much.

Bright Boy—Six of the days were Sundays, an' they don't count.

MISS EVA—"What an extraordinary mouth the comedian has! Don't you think it's made up?"

Mr Smith (who knows him off the stage)—"No; that's his regular mouth."

WHY CAN'T THEY MARRY?

A young lady and gentleman are in love with each other, but will not marry because the lady's mother's brother's brother-in-law is the young man's father. What relationship exists between the young lady and gentleman?

To the first person sending the correct answer to the above problem the publishers of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY will give Seventy-five Dollars in cash; for the second correct answer Fifty Dollars in cash; for the third correct answer an elegant Gold Watch; for the fourth correct answer a first-class boy's or girl's Safety Bicycle; for the fifth a French Music Box; for the sixth a pair of genuine Diamond Earrings in solid gold setting; to the seventh a first-class Kodak Camera, with a complete outfit for using same; to the eighth a complete Lawn-Tennis Outfit; for the ninth an elegant pair of Pearl Opera Glasses; to the tenth a Silk Dress Pattern (in any color desired).

Everyone answering the above puzzle must enclose with the same Thirty Cents in silver (or ten three-cent stamps) for one months' trial subscription (five copies) to THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, *Canada's High-Class Illustrated Newspaper.* The envelope which contains correct answer bearing earliest postmark will receive first prize, the balance strictly in order as received.

All answers must be mailed on or before July 15th. Names and addresses of prize-winners will be published in our journal. Address LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, (55) Toronto, Ont.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents GUNNELS' MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

IF ANY OF YOUR....

CHILDREN

ARE....

RUPTURED

GET....

CHAS. CLUTHE'S PATENTED TRUSS.

INFANTS, IF OTHERWISE HEALTHY....

CURED IN SIX WEEKS.

Hundreds of Physicians will use no other Truss. Abdominal Supporters and Female Belts of all descriptions.

ELASTIC HOSIERY

Ten per cent. cheaper than any other place.
Fresh Goods monthly.
.....SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

CHAS. CLUTHE, **Surgical Machinist,**
134 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

HE was a man of age and wisdom. She was a woman of youth and beauty.

Beguiled by her sympathetic glance, the savant told her of his long life of study, his patient search for truth, his failures and successes. He had braved and enjoyed both in about all the words ending in "ology." But age brought him not satiety of knowledge. Still he toiled along the same rugged pathway that led to scientific enlightenment—constantly he explored new avenues of learning.

She listened with such rapt and grateful interest that the man of science felt he had found a rarely sympathetic soul.

"Yes," she said musingly; "it must be very nice, where one has a knack for that sort of thing."

CLEVERTON—"What's your hurry old man?"

Dashaway—"I haven't a moment to spare. I've got to attend a reception this evening, and I'm going around to my laundryman to see if I can borrow one of my collars."

"SINGULAR thing that happened to Levy, the cornetist, out West."

"What was it?"

"He played in a church and all the people buried in the yard rose. Thought it was Gabriel."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

CURES BILIOUSNESS.

Biliousness or Liver Complaint arises from torpidity or wrong action of the liver, and is a fruitful source of diseases such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, etc. As a perfect liver regulator

B.B.B. EXCELS

all others, having cured severe cases which were thought incurable.

Mrs. Jane Vansickle, Alberton, Ont., was cured of Liver Complaint after years of suffering by using five bottles of B.B.B. She recommends it.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

—WHAT—

EVERYONE - IS - LOOKING - FOR

Is a good Piano or Organ at a moderate price and on easy terms of payment.

WE CAN FURNISH

Just such a desideratum, and from two sources of supply. First of all we have generally on hand a varied stock of

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, FISCHER, HARDMAN,

And other Pianos, taken in part payment on new instruments of our own make. They are in good order, and can be sold at prices from $100 to $200, on terms of $5 to $8 per month.

KARN, BELL, MASON & HAMLIN,

And other Organs in fair order at from $50 to $90—all slightly used.

Our Second Source of Supply

Is in our famous

MASON & RISCH STYLE "A"

Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7 1-3 [illegible]—our regular selling price for which is $350, with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this paper.

OUR $90.00 CORNWALL ORGAN,

Style 191, at $5 per month, is creating a sensation. It is an 11-Stop Organ, with four sets of reeds, solid case, 6 feet high, with plate glass mirrors, and is offered at this special price for two months in order to introduce this beautiful new design.

☞ More expensive goods always on hand to suit customers who desire special instruments.

MASON & RISCH,
32 KING STREET, W., TORONTO.

The Attention of the Public

Is attracted by any new feature in newspaper advertising, but it must be strikingly novel if the advertisement is read a second time.

The display advertisements of retail merchants are artfully worded and appeal strongly to the economical housekeeper. Flat irons at seven cents and a Monday bargain sale in ribbons open the pocketbooks of the modern Mrs. Toodles.

The real estate agent with town lots for sale in an earthly paradise, ten miles from the court house, furnishes free transportation, a brass band and a free luncheon for prospective home-seekers.

The railway companies do their share of contributing to the support of newspaper proprietors. Their time tables, showing arrivals and departures of trains, are paid for in cash, or in tickets which will enable the editor and his best girl to ride on the trains.

One railway company will advertise that it is a "short line to Omaha." A competing line then positively states that it is "a shorter line to Omaha than any other," and now the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway insists that it is "the shortest line to Omaha," and proves it.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. also says that it is the "best line to St. Paul and Minneapolis," with "electric lighted trains" and reading-lamps in each berth so that one can read all night long if he has a book and don't want to sleep. It brags about the "finest dining cars in the world," with the best of meals served on imported china by the most expert and civil of colored waiters, at seventy-five cents, while the lines east of Chicago charge a whole dollar.

And—once more—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway opens up a new through car line from Chicago to Denver, via Omaha and Lincoln, and it isn't long before the whole world says to itself that "shortest line to Omaha," that "best line to St. Paul and Minneapolis," and that "new route to Denver," must be the only first-class railroad in the western part of the United States, and what the whole world says must be true.

All coupon ticket agents in the United States and Canada sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

For information concerning the line, time tables, etc., address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont. 24-2t

The Best Known.

"Dear Sirs,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer compiaint and diarrhœa. I have used it in my family for two years for children and adults with the greatest satisfaction. Mrs. Frank Bohn.
Austin, Man.

No Man Can Tell

Why the sale of St. Jacobs Oil is greater than that of any other medicine, and ten times greater than that of all other liniments and embrocations combined. Yet the question is easily answered—it is because of the actual merit which the Oil possesses, together with the fact that the proprietors advertise it to cure *only such* diseases and ailments as it will actually cure. St. Jacobs Oil conquers pain; it acts like magic; it is wholly an outward application. It positively cures rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sciatica, Sprains and soreness.

Dunnville Doings.

Gentlemen,—I had a headache for a long time, and seeing Burdock Blood Bitters advertised, I got a bottle, and it not only relieved me at the time but I have not been bothered since with headache, and think I have seen the last of it. Minnie Hicks, Dunnville, Ont.

Taggart

Quality * Pays.

Influenced by sharp competition, manufacturers are cheapening quality, and using inferior material to save money

We will not purchase goods other than the Best in Quality and Material. "Taggart's" Watches are first-class, accurate "Timekeepers," fitted in perfect finished cases, and people are finding it out. We are selling this month

✣ FOR $5 00. ✣

Our No. 50 Ladies' Silver Watch, open face, Coin Silver Case, Hand Engraved Landscape, Gold Inlaid, Stem Wind and Stem Set, fitted with a reliable Jewelled Movement, guaranteed and kept in repair for five years, free of charge. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of price, $5.

A suitable Sterling Silver Victoria Fob Chain, with Pendant Charm Attachment, supplied for $1 extra, with the above watch.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Album of 208 pages. A complete Buyers' Guide, containing the information you require in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Art Goods, Guns, Bicycles, Athletic Requisites. Price, 50 cents.

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89 King Street West,
TORONTO, - - - - CANADA.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Sunlight * Soap

—DOES AWAY WITH—

THE ✣ TERRORS ✣ OF ✣ WASHDAY.

It brings Ease and Comfort and does away with hard rubbing, tired backs, sore hands, hot steam and smell.

Very little of SUNLIGHT will do a great deal of work, hence it is not only the best but the cheapest soap to buy. Try It. 20-1f

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Dr Howards Perfected Preparations

Seven Spices the Stomach Specific

Blood Builder for Brain & Body

Golden Purgative Grains

ARE NOT PATENT MEDICINES. They are Pure and Successful Remedies discovered and used by an eminent physician over twenty years. They are

NOT CURE-ALLS,

but each has a distinct field of action and all work in harmony as follows:

For all Digestive Disorders, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Pain, etc.

TABLETS $1.00 per box; six boxes, $5.50.

PILLS for all Physical or Mental Weakness, Nervous Prostration, Female Suppressions and Irregularities, Anæmia, Loss of Power, etc., 50 cents per box; six boxes, $2.50.

LITTLE PILLS for Liver, Bowels and System cure Sick Headache, The best Spring Medicine. 25 cents per box; six boxes, $1 25.

A BREATHING SKELETON.

East Watertown, N. Y., March 17, 1892.

The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville:

Gentlemen,—I have used your Seven Spices, and I can recommend them as a sure cure for Dyspepsia of the worst kind. I was brought so low with this terrible disease that several physicians pronounced my case to be Cancer of the Stomach, and surrendered me to die as incurable. I was merely a breathing skeleton. Uncle Abel Coleman, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., came to see me, and brought me some of your remedy. I was so tired trying to live that I said to myself, "I will never try it." But he was so sure it would help me that I tried. It agreed with me, relieved my pain immediately, and enabled me to take and digest food. My husband purchased a supply of the medicine, and, thanks to your remedy, I was cured in a very short time, after two years of suffering. I know that the Seven Spices saved my life, and I think it only justice to other sufferers to furnish this testimonial.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. CLARK EDDY.

Witness, Miss Minnie Eddy.

Of druggists, or postpaid on receipt of price. Address:

The Dr. Howard Medicine Company,
24-tf 363 Main Street, Brockville, Ont.
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Piano
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Organ Chairs
AND
Stools.
FINEST IN CANADA.

Ask your dealer for them or send to us for catalogue.

OTTERVILLE MANUFACTURING CO'Y., Limited,
24 4in OTTERVILLE, - ONT.

Women suffering with **Piles** can get a positive, painless and absolute **Cure** by using the **EUREKA PILE CURE.** Correspondence solicited. Letters strictly confidential. W. A. NESBITT, 101 Bay street, Toronto, Ontario. 18-1y
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

NO PEGS.

THE PINLESS WIRE CLOTHES LINE.

We are making and selling over 18,000 feet of this line every week; it is a perfect success; 100 feet holds as many clothes as 150 feet of ordinary line and pins. The clothes are put on and taken off in half the time as when pins are used: nothing can blow off: no freezing to the line; made of the best galvanized steel spring wire. Thousands testify to its superior qualities. It pays for itself twice over in preventing the loss of clothes. Sample 6-foot line 25 cents, by mail. Circulars free. Agents Wanted. Address:

TARBOX BROS., Toronto, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. *Successfully used monthly by thousands of* Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, *take no substitute;* or inclose $1 and two three cent Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, two stamps. Address **Pond Lily Company,** No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 25-13t
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SPECIAL OFFER.

In order to introduce our

Inhalation - Treatment

We will cure cases of

✣ CATARRH ✣

Free of all charge. All that we ask in return is that each patient, when cured, will recommend the treatment to other sufferers. For free cure apply without delay. We have hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada. In no form of disease is the wonderful potency of Medical Inhalation better seen than in the treatment of Catarrh. By means of the

GERMICIDE INHALER

We send the proper medicinal agents directly to the seat of the disease, destroying in a short time all ulceration and inflammation. Under its influence the irritated surface is soothed and healed, and the discharge rapidly diminishes. This seems too good to be true, but true it is, as hundreds in all parts of Canada can testify. What more rational method can there be of reaching and healing the diseased air-passages than by the use of the proper medical and chemical substances inhaled into the cavities. Those who prefer to write to some of the patients who have been cured can correspond with the following: Rev. J. S. Norris (late of Toronto), now pastor of First Congregational Church, Parkersburg, Iowa; Mr. Douglass, conductor, 11 Ontario street, Toronto; Mr. T. Mills, 29 Christopher street, Toronto; Mr. W. Fover, surveyor, 500 Seaton street, Toronto; Mr. I. A. McNair, Schau, Ont. Enclose a three cent stamp for reply. In the past two years we have treated over 300 cases of Catarrh free of all charge. It has paid us well. Neighbor tells neighbor, and friend tells friend of our success. If you have Catarrh do not fail to call or write. Address:

MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,
286 Church Street, - - - - Toronto, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly 19-tf

ARE YOU DEAF?

Don't You Want to Hear!

THE AURAPHONE will surely help you if you do. It is a new scientific invention which will restore the hearing of anyone not born deaf. When in the ear it is **Invisible**, and does not cause the slightest discomfort in wearing. It is to the ear what the glasses are to the eye, an ear spectacle. Write for particulars. THE AURAPHONE COMPANY, 300 and 302 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 24-tf
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

$15 PER WEEK IS A GOOD SALARY!

We will pay it to any lady who wants respectable employment and can sell our goods. We want a representative in every city and town in Canada and the United States to introduce our **Hand-Painted Fancy Work** into every home. Requires no talking; sells at sight. *Light, pleasant, profitable and respectable employment.* If you think you would like to work for us send in your application at once, and enclose ten 3 cent stamps or 30 cents in silver, and we will send you an elegant sample of our genuine hand-painted fancy work, postpaid, by return mail (sells for $1), with full instructions how we want you to work for us. Let us hear from you at once, as territory is being rapidly taken up. Address **The Platt-Owen Art Painting Co.,** Toronto, Ont.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 24-tf

SILK SATIN and PLUSH REMNANTS for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted colors, 10c; 3 pkgs. 25c. A large pkg., all colors, embroidery silk, 20c. Sheet of crazy stitches and 32 p. cat. of fancy work with every order. Canada currency, silver or stamps taken. LADIES' ART CO., Box 897, St. Louis, Mo. 18-1yr
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly

Sunday Morning Street Orator—"Yes, my dear hearers, I declare to you that whenever I think of this terrible, this stupendous, this all-important subject, my feelings *completely run away with me.*"

Splenetic Major (*appearing at bedroom window*).—"Then, why in thunder don't you think of it, man?"

Facts and Figures.

A reliable record of the world's progress, giving invaluable information on hundreds of subjects, historical, religious, mercantile, household and farm. Facts, statistics, hints and hits are dealt with. Everyone should have a copy. Sent on receipt of a three cent stamp, by T. Milburn & Co., Toronto Ont. Don't delay as the supply is limited.

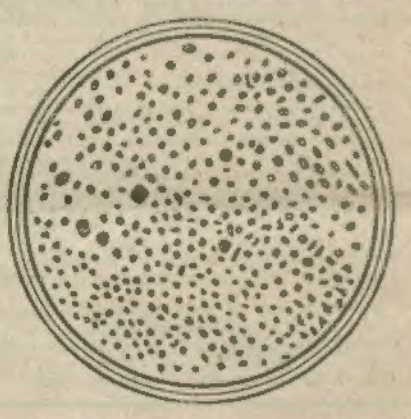
—ONTARIO— LADIES' ✣ COLLEGE, —WHITBY,—

Provides a full University Course through to the Junior Year, all the Teacher's Certificates, and the most advanced instruction in Piano, Violin, Pipe Organ, Voice and Harmony; also Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial Branches. Only gifted specialists employed. Unusually elegant buildings, inviting grounds and healthful surroundings. Apply for information to 21

PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph. D.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Birth marks and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. Dr. G. B. Foster, Room 21, Arcade, corner Yonge and Gerrard streets.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

HAVE YOU A GOOD PAIR OF EYES?



"EYE-TESTING" PRIZE CONTEST.

If your eyesight is above the average, perhaps you can tell us *exactly* how many dots there are in the above inner circle. If you can do this we guarantee you an elegant and valuable prize. It will be a more difficult task than you imagine at first sight. To the *first* person who can count the dots in the above circle *correctly* and send us the *exact* number which appear therein will be given a **valuable Gold Watch,** guaranteed to be a first-class timekeeper. To the *second* will be given a first-class **Set of Encyclopedia** in library binding; to the *third* will be given a **French Music Box;** to *each* of the next *three* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-rings;** to *each* of the next *five* will be given a **Solid Gold Brooch** with genuine diamond setting; to *each* of the next *ten* will be given a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern,** (16 yards in any color); to *each* of the next *twenty* will be given a genuine **Coin Silver Watch.** To the *last* person who sends the correct number of dots appearing in the above circle will be given a fine **China Dinner Service;** to *each* of the next *five* to the *last* will be given a **Silk Dress Pattern** (16 yards in any color); to *each* of the next *ten* to the *last* will be given a genuine **Diamond Brooch** in solid gold setting; to *each* of the next *twenty* to the *last* will be given a **Coin Silver Watch.** This contest will be conducted *on honor* by one of the leading art publishing companies of the world. Every person answering must enclose forty cents (silver) or fourteen three cent stamps for one copy of a genuine reproduction of that famous picture, **"A Flower Slave,"** size 24x17 inches, suitable and ready for framing. This picture will be an addition and ornament to the most artistic home. Nothing like it has ever been sold at this price. Our object is to introduce these art reproductions in this country. Our prizes are genuine and valuable. Nothing is charged for the above rewards in any way. We absolutely *give them free* to attract attention and introduce our beautiful works of art. **We guarantee a valuable prize to every person who can send us the correct number of dots in the above circle.** As to the reliability of our company we can refer you to leading business houses in Toronto. All prizes will be given strictly as merited, and satisfaction to the public is guaranteed. Upon receipt of your answer enclosing 40 cents, **"The Flower Slave,"** as described above, will be sent to your address promptly, and if you are entitled to a prize for correct answer, you will also receive it promptly. Address **ANGLO-AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, No. 9 Ground Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont.**

HEADACHE CURED IN 20 MINUTES BY Alpha Wafers

OR MONEY REFUNDED. Purely Vegetable, Perfectly Harmless and Pleasant to take. For Sale by all Druggists, PRICE 25 Cts.

For sale in Toronto, by Alex. McLaren, 181 King St. W., and Neil C. Love, 166 Yonge St.
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Furnished in the Latest Styles.

James Bain & Son,

FINE STATIONERY,

KING STREET, - - - TORONTO.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

"This season we are as brisk and busy as ever."

Trade ought not to be so good, but we are offering

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

That will make goods sell in any season. This favorable time and opportunity may be improved to your profit. Take advantage of

Extra Low Prices for 30 Days.

We make a business of making bargains in

Furniture of All Kinds.

FLEMING & CO.,

342 AND 344 QUEEN ST. WEST, - TORONTO.

We do not wish it understood that this is a "Slaughter Sale," or a closing out of old, unseasonable and shop-worn goods. Our Newest, Brightest and Best Goods are included in this offer. We make no sensational offer of goods less than cost, but all goods sold close. Come in and see us. Your reason for buying will be BARGAINS.

If You Have Not Yet Used Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Dainty Toilet Preparations Try Some of Them.

They Always Please.

Hair Restorer for gradually restoring gray hair to its natural color; not a dye; harmless. Price, $1.00.

Jasmine Kasmeo for to make a velvety, close-pored, fine-grained skin and preventing wrinkles. Price, 75 cents.

Eugenie Powder in flesh, white and brunette tints, removes that oily look from the skin these warm days; entirely imperceptible; delicate as a rose-leaf. Price, 50 cents.

Treatments for every defect of Hair, Face, Hands or Figure.

Superfluous Hair Removed from Face, Neck or Arms, Permanently, Painlessly and Cheaply.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S TOILET, MANICURING AND HAIRDRESSING PARLORS, No. 145½ YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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STEAMER

Empress OF India

—FOR—

ST. CATHARINES

—AND ALL POINTS ON—

WELLAND DIV. G. T. R.,

NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO,

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK,

Daily from Geddes Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, at 8 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.

EXCURSION CHARTERS

Can now be made at Low Rates for above points. Special rates for

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

—AND—

CHURCH PARTIES.

Committees are asked to see us before closing elsewhere. Apply at

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THOSE CONFUSING DRESS-SUITS.

MR. BRENTHAR—"P'raps you'll show us to our seats?"
MR. CUMMERFORD—"Sir! I am a gentleman."
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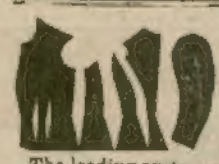
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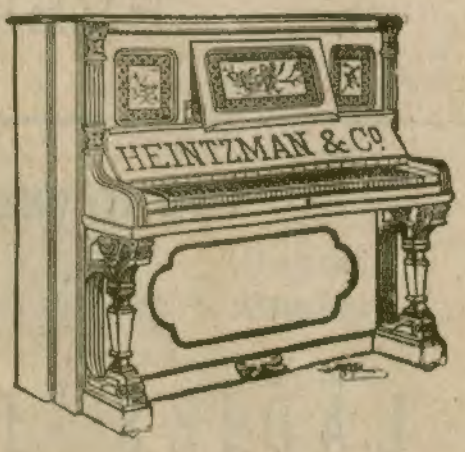

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